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Art. I. Christian Morals. By Hannah More. In two volumes. sm. octavo. pp. 298, 332. Price 12s. Cadell and Davies. 1813.

MRS. MORE commences her present work with a question, which it is natural to ask, but not easy to answer: At what period shall an author put into practice, the 'rare,' the 'slowly learned,' the 'reluctantly adopted art, to stop?' To some, a prescient wisdom would recommend the moment in which their first work was completed. Many have written down a merited reputation, have even lowered the estimation of a great production by a succession of smaller ones; dividing and frittering that attention, which, prior to this, was concentrated. But such prophetic, self-denying wisdom, is seldom possessed, either by an author or his friends. It is a considerable time before even public opinion acquires a decided character; and its approbation, which often continues to flow only because it once began, deceives its unhappy favourite from presumption into disgrace.

But the answer to this inquiry, so important to an author's reputation, depends, in many cases, upon the result of a previous question: For what object does he write? Must his reward be fame, or will he be satisfied with usefulness? In the instance of Mrs. More, particularly, we think that this inquiry must precede and determine the other. The nature of her talents, as well as the direction in which they are calculated to be most useful, has been long ascertained, and in that direction they have been fully exercised. In gratitude for distinguished services, her failings have either been entirely overlooked, or respectfully tolerated; but these, judging from the usual wax and wane of intellect, may become in future more numerous; while we cannot expect the same of her ex-

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cellencies. The rank which she occupies in public estimation is deservedly high; higher, we believe, than that of any living female; for if inferior in genius to some, the cause which she espouses with so much ability gives her a just pre-eminence. But if, from her being completely understood, and duly appreciated, this rank is not now likely to be raised, yet, by a variety of means, it may be degraded. That veneration, which has scarcely ventured to see a fault, and much less to expose it, may be gradually diminished by familiarity with its object. The beauties of manner, if there can be such, by losing their novelty, will lose much of their effect; and the blemishes of of it, from becoming more numerous, will be more easily an-

ticipated, and less patiently endured.

Hitherto, the admirers of Mrs. More, especially those conscientious admirers, who gladly avail themselves of her sagacity in detecting the duplicities of their own hearts, and rejoice in the prospect of usefulness afforded by the labours of a writer at once so pious and so fashionable, have scarcely dared to acknowledge to themselves, that she has a defect. With a kind of pious fraud, if we may employ the term, they have agreed to pass over in silence any suspected failure, and to lend the support of an undivided admiration to her productions. To dissent in opinion from Mrs. More, has been, in many circles, a kind of heresy, upon which the religious were afraid to venture; and to object even to her style, a schism, of which few wished to be thought the leaders—at least a commitment of taste, which it required some assurance to hazard. Now, though there is a feeling of gratitude, of veneration, and tenderness, towards a distinguished and aged writer, which is becoming and amiable; though we should treat the defects of such an one, with a degree of delicacy approaching to that with which, if called to do so, we should mention the faults of a parent; yet, it appears neither necessary nor useful, to give our assent and consent to all and every thing, in such a manner as to prevent the exercise of judgement, and to sanction and perpetuate errors both of style and sentiment. It appears, too, that this feeling applies with more propriety to an author, personally, than to his productions. In the literary world, though we have fathers and teachers, we have no pontiffs. It is a community in which submission must be vofuntary, to be valued by those who receive it, and where divine right and passive obedience are unknown. It is therefore by no means improbable, if Mrs. More continue to write, that, without writing less sensibly, she may be less admired. Her faults, without being greater, may be more freely canvassed; and they, who have hitherto restrained their opinions within a quiet, "Thinks I to myse!f," may venture, one by one, by little and little, to speak their minds,—and may be probably as much surprised as encouraged, to find themselves in a minority respectable both for numbers and judgement. We conclude, therefore, that if her object is fame, it would

be prudent to stop now.

But allowing for its natural, and even lawful influence, we do not think that Mrs. More has been chiefly actuated by this selfish principle. From the prevailing direction of her efforts, we are bound to believe that the desire of usefulness has been her governing motive. She has ranged the lowest as well as the higher walks of society, with a steady endeavour to detect and cleanse the moral sources of misery; and if this benevolent object can be promoted, by a continuance of her labours, she will consent to run the hazard of becoming familiar, and to

risk a little reputation, in a design so truly Christian.

Upon comparing the work before us, "Christian Morals," with "Practical Piety," we find, indeed, as little diversity in substance, as there is, really, in title. That of "Practical Piety, Vols. III. and IV.," would have been equally suitable, though, certainly, less politic; and we conceive, that, without any very laborious exertion, Mrs. More could furnish at least one such volume per annum, to any extent of her life and intellects. We presume, also, that to whatever time she continues to write, nothing materially different is to be expected. Our author and Mr. Scott seem to have long leases of their genius, which do not oblige them to vary the crops. It would not be, therefore, in the hope of any thing striking from its novelty that we should advise Mrs. More to proceed, but because she may be useful without novelty. Many who have been "delighted" with Practical Piety, and "enchanted" with Christian Morals, but who, yet, could not, for the world,' be persuaded to read either of them again, though they have forgotten the purport of both, will go on, with equal avidity and admiration, to peruse the successive volumes of Evangelical Duties, or Scripture Conduct, or Gospel Obedience, with which, in process of time, they may be presented. For something recent is among the necessaries of existence, to a large divison of her readers; and if their improvement should not keep pace exactly with their advantages; yet it is probable that more will be gained from line upon line thus repeated, than from any single work, even if it comprised the excellencies of all its successors. The mind is so slow in receiving impressions, contrary to its natural mould-it gleans so little, in traversing the largest field, and of that little, usually stores so much less—that precept upon precept is necessary to furnish it with even a scanty subsistence. Mrs. More is sensible, from her acquaintance with the weakness and depravity of human nature, 'that the same truths require, not only to be afresh pressed on us, but to be again unfolded; to be repeated as if all previous experiment had never been tried, as if all foregoing admonition had either never been given, or had been completely obliterated.' And these considerations. which have probably weighed with her own mind, induce us to believe, that any additions she may yet make to the public library, will extend her usefulness whether or not they advance her reputation, which seems to be nearly at its zenith. Beside this, there are realities which cannot be too forcibly exhibited, impressions which can never be too deeply engraven: and while so little of the best books is remembered beyond their titles—while the point of conviction is turned aside by the first vanity that encounters it—and the good resolutions, even of serious readers, are soon forgotten, such a writer as Mrs. More must continue to be useful, if her works should be but a succession of anagrams upon the same word. That which was neglected yesterday, in one form, may strike in a new one, to day; and even if every preceding volume had produced, for a time, an effect proportioned to its merit and importance, yet it is no useless effort, to "stir up the mind by way of remembrance."

By those who have not only read but analyzed the successive popular productions of Mrs. More, we do not expect to be charged with underrating them. We have, at different times, borne testimony to the sterling value of her good sense, to the diligence and acuteness of her observation; contributing to form an extensive, or, more properly, an accurate acquaintance with the world, and with the heart—that minute model, by observing which, all the great movements of the world may be explained. We have regarded the vigour of her piety with becoming reverence, and paid a grateful tribute to the earnestness with which she labours. To all this, we again, cheerfully subscribe;—but this may be done without sup-

posing her genius universal, or inexhaustible.

In no work does she appear to greater advantage, than in the present, upon subjects she is peculiarly qualified to treat, such as 'Time,' 'Influence,' 'Prejudice,' 'Habits,' 'Humility,' 'Inconsistency,' and 'Good sort of People.' In none, has she been more explicit at times, (though, to our minds, strangely inconsistent at others) in reference to the peculiar doctrines of Christianity; and to our feelings, at least, the tenor of Christian Morals is less governed by the spirit of, "Do this, and live," than that of Practical Piety. Upon reading

her former work, it was almost unavoidable to exclaim, "Who then can be saved?" In the latter, the injunction to "work out our own salvation," is rendered engaging and hopeful, by referring more clearly to its scriptural adjunct, " for it is God who worketh in us;" and all who habitually resort to divine strength, will receive with gratitude such a directory as the present for its spiritual exercise. Doctrine, it should be observed, is not Mrs. More's principal object. aim is rather to correct the inequalities of Christian practice, than to exhibit the distinguishing truths of the Christian faith; and though, for her own sake, and for that of numerous readers whose views are extremely imperfect, we should have rejoiced to see one of her works devoted to doctrines, explicitly, yet it is not fair to accuse her of this omission as an error, when the plan she proposes does not embrace the subject. Writers are at liberty to form their own plans, and to select those topics to which, from talent or opportunity, they are most inclined; and we are far from supposing with some, whose picty we respect, that every religious book, and every sermon, should include the entire circle of faith and practice. Subjects are better treated by distinct professors, or at least in separate treatises, than by the ablest individual at a single view. At the same time, no division should be considered so much apart as not to indicate its proper bearings. Its relative situation must be shewn, even if the system with which it is thus connected, is, with propriety, left undrawn.

This apology, which may excuse the absence of much that is important, must not be urged for positive error, or for language by which erroneous sentiments will naturally be produced. Of this nature is a cast of expression, current among the decently irreligious, which we have often noticed with surprise and regret in Mrs. More, as utterly unbecoming the consistency of her own views. It tends, we conceive, to confirm in such minds a fatal delusion, and to diminish the force of all the persuasions addressed to them. She frequently writes, as if the two classes which divide society, "the children of the kingdom," and "the men of this world," were amalgamated in a third—natives of some country midway of these distant regions—Christians who are not Christian, We admit that there are many who present such an appearance to the eye of man; many whom charity would fain regard as brethren, although they do not "come out" and "separate," with such entire consistency as to render their characters indubitable. But this uncertainty exists, not in the subject, but

in the observer, to whom the heart is inscrutable; and while it suspends his judgement, it must not confuse his language. Amidst endless diversities of situation, temper, and knowledge, every individual is, or is not, a *Christian*; and he that is not, must not be flattered with the name. A character, doubtful to human inspection, is classed with as much precision by the Searcher of hearts, as if he were a Judas, or a Paul. There

are no loose papers in the book of life.

Upon what ground therefore does Mrs. More bestow the name of Christians upon such as are destitute, according to her own account, of the 'vital spirit of Christianity?' 'good sort of people' she is exhibiting, are well described, as ' contractors for Heaven, who bring their merit as their purchase-money;' who 'intend to be saved at their own expense,' and 'do not always take care to be provided with a very exorbitant sum, though they expect so large a return in exchange for it.' They are people who " make the world their supreme arbiter; who 'are satisfied with themselves, when its verdict is in their favour; who attend to their conduct, just in those points which, though dishonest, are not dishonourable; in which, though religion will be against them, the approbation of the world will bear them out;' and who 'combine with this mediocrity of character, the most exalted expectation of future recompense; who, 'in the day of health and activity, would have considered "taking up the cross," "living to him who died for them," &c. as figurative expressions, lively images, not exacting much practical obedience; nay, who would have considered the proposal of bringing them into exercise as downright enthusiasm; who yet, 'in a dangerous sickness, repeat with entire self-application the glorious and hard-earned exultation of him who exclaims, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course," and then go on, with the most dedelusive complacency, to apply to themselves the sublime apostrophe, "henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of glory."

These characters, who have descended, without interruption, from a numerous family in the days of our Saviour, are here so accurately delineated—the very cut of the phylactery is so well observed—that we should reckon it one of the most useful parts of the present work, were it not for the strange concession which is made to them in the same breath. Is it credible, that persons so described, should be complimented by Mrs. More, with the title of 'unconfirmed Christians'—and often with that of 'Christians,' without any qualifying epithet? That such persons are called Christians by the world, we do not deny; but it seems to us, that for that very reason

Mrs. More ought not to call them so. In what respect does the title belong to them? In what respect can it belong to them, if they are distinct from the character? And is it not an imposing and fatal politeness to flatter them with a name, to which they possess no corresponding qualities? We have heard of young, of unlearned, of weak, and even of inconsistent Christians-persons who have much to learn and to mourn, and long to struggle; but they are not such as could be characterized by the foregoing marks. To be Christians at all, they must have 'imbibed,' at least a portion of 'the vital spirit of Christianity;' and as their first lesson, their earliest attainment, they must have rejected their own 'merit as purchase-money,' have given up all hope of being 'saved at their own expense;' and, with whatever imperfection and frequent failure, they must be aiming to "live for him who died for them;" regarding it, not as a 'figurative expression,' exacting little obedience, but as a comprehensive, spiritual duty, which, though "faint," they are ever to be " pursuing."

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In some writers we should either attribute this negligent bestowment of the Christian name, to a dubious view of the subject, or consider it as a cowardly compliment to polite readers. In Mrs. More we can do neither. We regard it as an anhappy relic of the language which becomes popular, wherever religion is established and national. In the eye of a national religion, birth and baptism confer Christianity. 'The young Christian, is an expression not uncommon among good sort of people,' as soon as the baptismal office has done its wonder. Upon the uninformed, upon the majority we may therefore conclude, in every nation thus situated, the effect of such a superstition is a complete mistake as to the grounds of safety; of course, a quiet self-complacency which prevents examination; and as the inevitable consequence of this, must we not say, then, ultimate destruction? Even among the more enlightened, we perceive the evil effect of such a system in the instance before us. It is a compliment so universal, under an established Christianity, to be called a Christian; it is reckoned so barbarous, so uncharitable, so heathenish a thing, to deny the title to any but the unbaptized; that even Mrs. More adopts the popular phraseology, and upon persons addressed by the Saviour as "Pharisees, hypocrites," (and whom, it is evident, that she views in the same light,) bestows the distinguishing name of his true disciples. The authority of such a writer, when it sanctions popular errors, is an extensive mischief indeed! The supposed rigid views of Mrs. More will render such a concession a safe dependance to the persons thus described; who will be contented, we fear, to waive any further inquiry, however warmly it may be urged upon them by a writer who is retiring

from the world. Satisfied, and even confirmed by such language, in their being Christians, after all that can be said. after all the fearful deductions she has laboured to make from their Christianity; they will feel little uneasiness under the deficiencies of motive, the indulgence of habits, the neglect of duties or principles, with which they suspect or frankly confess themselves to be chargeable, but which are not, it seems, positively fatal, or requisite to the Christian character. They are Christians—and they know that all Christians, whether more or less eminent, go to heaven. If it must be so, therefore, they will make up their minds to expect but the lower seats in a future world, rather than relinquish the pleasing pursuits and the vain distinctions of this. To be more or less eminent may be fairly left, they think, to their own choice, and they chuse the latter. This, from such language, seems to be the natural conclusion of an ignorant mind.

To those who view the subject more scripturally, the effect, though not dangerous, is at least perplexing. The mind is uncertain what idea to receive; for while it is fixing upon one, it is crossed by another directly opposed to it. And it is not solely in the use of terms, that the meaning of Mrs. More appears equivocal. The following passage exhibits the same inconsistency throughout.

Our love to God is stamped with the same imperfection with all our other graces. If we love him at all, it is as it were traditionally, hereditarily, professionally; it is a love of form, and not of feeling; of education, and not of sentiment; of sense, and not of faith. It is at best a submission to authority, and not an effusion of voluntary gratitude; a conviction of the understanding, and not a cordiality of the affections. We

rather assume we have this grace, than actually possess it.'

We ask, of whom, and of what, is Mrs. More here speaking? If of those who love God in reality, then, though the principle may be weak, and the exercise of it imperfect, yet it is neither 'traditionary,' 'hereditary,' nor 'professional.' It is not a love of mere 'form,' of 'education,' of 'sense;' 'at best a submission to authority,' or 'a conviction of the understanding.' And if she is speaking of such as do not love in reality, then the educational, formal substitute, should not be called 'a grace,' and must not be denominated the 'love' of God. We do not see it possible to reconcile the supposition, 'if we love him at all,' with the conclusion, that 'we rather assume we have this grace than actually possess it.'

If the usefulness of some writers has been destroyed, and a scandal thrown upon evangelical piety, by a coarse and venturesome phraseology, by a self-opinionated contempt for the feelings and prejudices of the less religious, it does not follow

that this want of Christian tenderness has no opposite extreme, or that Mrs. More, in her solicitude to avoid the one, may not have fallen into the other. She writes in, and for, an elevated class, beyond the usual circuit of religious productions. She is admired, and in part surrounded, by those who would not but admire a fashionable writer, as they value the reputation of their own taste; who will admire, who will read her, therefore, precisely as long as she is fashionable, and not a moment longer. To preserve the access she has gained to this sort of characters—an advantage which she is anxious to improve to the best purposes—there is, we acknowledge, no small temptation to qualification and apology; a danger of which she seems berself aware, when she says, that 'we may soften strong truths to render them more palatable, till we come gradually less to recommend them, than ourselves.' It requires a nice judgement, a tender conscience, and real independence of character, to discover and preserve the line of rectitude, in such circumstances and in the latter, we have always fancied Mrs. More to be somewhat deficient. The traits from which we have gathered this suspicion may be regarded, by many, as expressing nothing more than Christian prudence and humility; but, to us, they have constantly worn a less pleasing aspect, especially as they seem not always directed so much to feelings and prejudices, as to rank and office. Whatever is great, or high, or instituted, is approached with a kind of deference more courtly than tender; and as if the privileges of thinking and judging were enjoyed by inferior orders only by license from the higher. This servile feeling, if not native in the disposition, is early induced upon those who place their opinions away from their own keeping, and even put their consciences "Woe to him," says an acute observer, "who out to nurse. is not the keeper of his own conscience." Free thought, as it is thenceforth unnecessary, becomes, also, extremely inconvenient; for it may lead to positions opposite to those we are enjoined to support. A secret consciousness of this lays the most upright mind under bondage, imperceptibly fetters inquiry, and crushes the feeling of independence into passive subjection. Deference and obedience, thus in chains, evince neither humility nor conviction; and to a character weakened in principle, and cramped in exercise, by such trammels, a kind of mental cringe becomes habitual. By taking an erect attitude, we feel, it is true, a little more exposed, -and there are some who can never prevail with themselves to brave the first shock; but, if it is graceful and not daring, he who assumes it gains in respect more than he loses in general favour. Not to say, that openly 'to avow his sentiments, prevents mistakes, saves trouble, and obviates conjectures,' as our author herself observes.

In the instance of Mrs. More, nothing essential is yielded: but the qualification occurs just where it is least agreeable, at the moment, usually, in which we were admiring her decision and energy. She possesses all the hardihood which a well informed conscience can inspire—and this it is, which renders conspicuous the infirm posture to which continually she seems inclined. The duty of instructing elegant readers appears harrassing to her; and as long a preface is made to an evangelical epithet, as if the mention of it were a breach of public decorum, for which some awkward apology were indispensable. We do not say that principle is conceded, but there is an appearance of cowardice which looks, almost, like uncertainty of her cause—the most unhappy cast she could give to it—and which, while she wields "the sword of the spirit" with conscientious severity, seems inclined to bow, and beg pardon, and hope no offence. A system of trimming, is, in general, as little useful as honourable; and the effect of such obvious caution is not likely to be favourable, even upon those for whose sake it is adopted. They will surmise that something is felt to be wrong, or, at least, but half right; and will never receive, without suspicion, terms, for which the professed advocate is so careful to apologise. It seems not impossible, though we are far from making such a conclusion ourselves, that she will sometimes be thought to mean, "Excuse me, my lord,your grace,-your ladyship,-but I am obliged to employ a few of these terms, in order to maintain my character with the evangelical. You cannot suppose I attach any importance to them myself; but it is a case of necessity, -- an old custom, to which, for a time, even the enlightened must submit."

Perhaps we have said more than was necessary to express a mere shade of feeling; but readers will determine as they please, and qualify our opinions till they suit their own. We are not criticizing a production which few will take the trouble to examine—which might depend, therefore, upon our justice for its character. More will read the work, than the criticism; and the readers of both will judge for themselves, of the

merits of the one, and the accuracy of the other.

In a work which is not designed for entertainment, but for usefulness, structure and style are not the principal points to be considered; and defects in either should not be remarked as materially affecting the excellence of the whole. Yet we have authority from Mrs. More, in perusing 'the compositions of a human author, to look for unity and consistency in his whole plan; we expect connexion and relation between its several parts, and an entireness in the general combination.

We are not so much delighted with a fine passage incidentally introduced, as we are with the judgement which discovers itself in the distribution of the whole work, and the skill, not without difficulty discerned, which arranges, connects, and, as it were,

links together the several divisions.'

But the readers of Christian Morals will be disappointed, if they open it with such expectations. 'The skill which arranges, connects, and, as it were, links together the several divisions,' is here discerned with too much difficulty to be the ground of admiration; and it must be upon other excellencies that its reputation is supported. Like Practical Piety, it is formed upon no prevailing plan. Various detached thoughts, in Mrs. More's usual style of thinking and writing, are thrown into chapters—some more, and some less connected, with their immediate neighbours; and look like the gleanings of a portfolio, which were too good to be thrown away, and too desultory to be well arranged. The first half of the first volume, appears to us the least interesting, and the most faulty. In many places, the subjects are too much generalized to admit of that correct touch, in which the observation and skill of Mrs. More are displayed to advantage. The reflections are just and precisely such as most reflecting people have made already; such as many reflecting people could write—and, perhaps, not sufficiently unlike what has been written. Peculiarities of style, which, while they were new and infrequent, might strike as beauties, adding point, force, or richness, are here so numerous and unrestricted, that the ear anticipates and is fatigued with their recurrence. If we may venture on such an allusion, Mrs. More, after lighting her candle, puts. it under a bushel—and, not seldom, by unmeaning tautology, under half a dozen bushels, successively; for many of her illustrations are so nearly synonymous, that they rather exercise the reader in discovering, or inventing, distinctions, than assist him in attaining a complete idea. This, instead of indicating mental exuberance, is usually the resort of conscious failure, labouring to express what it cannot condense; or of indecisive judgement which is unable to select. Genius feels and decides with prompt correctness, places its idea in the most striking attitude, in the broad day-light of expression, and presents to a glance,

"The fairest, loftiest countenance of things."

Industry walks carefully round its subject; holding a light, now on this side, now on that, in every direction, till, not-withstanding the general obscurity, every part has been suc-

cessively discerned. This fatiguing endeavour is perceived, upon many occasions, in the style of Mrs. More. We should call it, if allowed the expression, "Much ado about"—something. There is so much mere sound and show, that, in many parts, the sense is but as a grain or two of gold in a bed of sand; and, in some, it is found, upon inspection, to be only sand which glitters. Let the reader judge from the following instance, whether a pompous and imposing conclusion does not appear, upon examination, to contain less than the nothing upon which it is framed.

"All the elevation of intellect, all the depth of erudition, all the superiority of rank, all the distinction of riches, is only held by the attenuated thread that attaches him to this world—a world which is itself "hung

upon nothing."

This is mere jingle. In what respect is our planet so hung upon nothing, 'as to increase the uncertainty of worldly distinctions? Unless Mrs. More is apprehensive that, from this precarious situation, it will one day fall into the sun, or fly off as a comet, we do not see that it has any relation whatever to the subject in hand. A good writer will not require, and a wise one will fear or despise, such noisy arts to obtain admiration. In serious prose, where a momentary compromise between sound and sense cannot beg pardon by a rhyme, such quibbling as this is really inexcusable; especially, where it is so obvious that the writer must have been conscious of the imposition. A few instances are necessary, and a few will be sufficient, to justify the charge of tautology—instances of variation, in some of which there is not a shade of real difference.

The web, though not so much spangled, will be more of a piece: if it be less glittering in patches, the design will be more elegant; if the colours are less glaring, they will wear better; their soberness will secure their permanence; if they are not gaudy when new, they will be fresh to the

end.

Does any one doctrine, any one precept of the Gospel, deal in emollients, prescribe palliatives, suggest petty reliefs, point out inferior remedies, speak of any remedy, but such as is proportioned to the depth of the disease?"

Shall sympathy, civility, imitation, and a social spirit, then, be pleaded only on occasion of mischiefs that are irrevocable, reserved for errors that are irretrievable, for practices, the consequences of which will be irremediable?

It does not use its liberty for versatility, but for constancy; not for

change, but fidelity; not for wavering, but adherence.'

'The whole plan of duty is, indeed, most clearly and distinctly laid open; but every uniting particle, every intermediate step, every concatenating link, is not traced out with amplitude and fulness.'

Sentences such as these, which are not so good as alias, alias, might be selected from almost every page.

Antithesis, our author's favourite figure, is, if possible, It reminds us of the procession into still more prevailing. Noah's ark, where all cre tures went in pairs, except a few of the favoured, in sevens. Mrs. More seems to have written with an enfeebled hand, where characteristic excesses required the strongest rein; so that faults which have hitherto only teazed, now weary us; and if the thought is not of sterling value, we are scancely repaid for disengaging it from the coil of words that forms its envelope. Shall we be forgiven for saying, that besides a fatiguing effort, a tasteless redundance, and a monotonous sameness, in the style of Mrs. More, there appears in it, to us, a vital defect: it wants heart-wants the stamp of feeling, to introduce it to the feelings of her readers? It may be, at times, powerful and arresting, but, without this incommunicable charm, it does not attack human nature where Mrs. More will never blast by faint it is most accessible. praise;' but she will probably produce as bad an effect, by a strain of eulogium, which has the air of adulation, even towards things and persons the most sacred. She extols, like a person hard at work at extolling; and appears to consult her lexicon, rather than her affections, in exalting the great objects of Christian veneration and love. She writes like Poet Laureate to the Bible. By this means, an admiration precisely similar in its nature, is excited towards herself: we admire, in many instances, because it seems undeniably our duty to do so. But that such is our duty, the reader will allow, upon perusing the following extract, from the chapter 'on Time,' one, as might naturally be expected, of the most excellent.

' They will never make a right use of time who turn it over to change, who live without any definite scheme for its employment, or any fixed object for its end. Such desultory beings will be carried away by every trule that strikes the senses, or any whim that seizes the imagination. They who live without any ultimate point in view, can have no regular process in the steps which lead to it.'- In our use of time, we frequently practise a delusion which cheats us of no inconsiderable portion of its actual enjoyment. The now escapes us while we are settling future points, not only of business, of ease, or of pleasure, but of benevolence, of generosity, of piety. These imaginary points, to which we impatiently stretch forward in idea, we fix at successive but distant intervals, endeavouring, by the rapid march of a hurrying imagination, to annihilate the intervening spaces. One great evil of reckoning too absolutely on marked periods, which may never arrive, is, that, by this absorption of the mind, we neglect present duties, in the anticipation of events, not only remote but uncertain. Even if the anticipated period does arrive, it is not always applied to the purpose to which it was pledged; and the event which was to feel the full weight of our interference and commanding influence, when it has taken place, sinks into the undistinguished mass of time and circumstances. The point which we once thought, if it ever could be attained, would supply abundant matter, not only for present duty or pleasure, but for delightful retrospection, loses itself, as we mingle with it, in the common heap of forgotten things; and as we recede from it, merges in the dim obscure of faded recollections. Having arrived at the era, instead of seizing on that present, so impatiently desired while it was future, we again send our imaginations out to fresh distances, in search of fresh deceits. While we are pushing it on to objects still more remote, the large uncalculated spaces of comfort and peace, or of languor and discontent, which fill the chasm, and which we scarcely think worth taking into the account, make up far the greater part of life .- All this would be only foolish, and would hardly deserve a harsher name, if these large uncultivated wastes, these barren interstices, these neglected subdivisions, had not all of them imperious demands of their own, if they were not to be as rigorously accounted for, as the vivid spots and shining prospects, which promise so much and produce so little.- Let us not, then, compute time by particular periods or signal events. Let us not content ourselves with putting our festal days only into the calendar, but remember, that from the hour when reason begins to operate, to the hour in which it shall be extinguished, every particle of time is valuable: that no day can be insignificant, when every day is to be accounted for.

In the following passage, a just and useful distinction is made, between the operations of humility and of pride; which may assist many in ascertaining the nature and value of

their penitential sufferings.

Yet, while we ought to be deeply humbled at every fresh detection of evil in our hearts, to be discouraged at the discovery from proceeding in our Christian course, is so far from being an effect of humility, that it is rather the result of pride. The traveller who meets with a fall, does not recover his ground by lying still and lamenting, but by rising and pursuing his journey. Joined with this faulty despondency, or still more frequently preceding it, is to be traced the operation of a blind and morbid pride. Particularly if the intimation of the fault we have committed comes from others, the heart is found to rise at the bare suggestion that we are not perfect. We had perhaps been guilty of a hundred faults before, of which, as others took no notice, they made little impression on ourselves. We commit a smaller error, which draws the eyes of the world upon us, and we are not only dejected, but almost hopeless. The eye of God was equally witness to our preceding faults; yet from their being secret, they produced little compunction, while that which is obvious to human inspection produces sorrow on the mere ground of producing shame. Perhaps we were permitted to fall into this more notorious error, that we might be brought to advert to those of which we had been so little sensible; to put us upon our guard against 'secret faults,' as well as against open and ' presumptuous sins.'

Examples might easily be multiplied of this discriminating acumen, which is one of the superior characteristics of Mrs. More. Most readers, we doubt not, will be struck with the

following.

There is a haughty spirit which, though it will not complain, does not care to submit. It arrogates to itself the dignity of enduring, without any claim to the meekness of yielding. Its silence is stubbornness; its fortitude is pride; its calmness is apathy without, and discontent within. In such characters it is not so much the will of God which is the rule of conduct, as the scorn of pusillanimity. Not seldom, indeed, the mind puts in a claim for a merit, to which the nerves could make out a better title.'

It has been an offence to many a cultivated inquirer, that religion 'is hid from the wise and prudent, and is revealed unto babes.' Mrs. More well enumerates a few of the natural causes of this distinction.

Even after the most successful struggles in this new science, it will will be found, and the discovery is humiliating, that the religious attainments of the unlearned are often more rapid, because less obstructed, than those of the wise and the disputer of this world; for if the endowments of the unlearned are smaller, they are all carried to one point. They have no other pursuit to divide or divert their attention; they have fewer illusions of the imagination to repel; they bring no opposing systems to the Christian scheme; they have no interfering objects to perplex them; no contradictory knowledge to unlearn. Their uninfluenced minds are opened to impressions, and good impressions are presented to them. They have less pride to subdue, and no prepossessions to extinguish. They have no compromise to make with Christianity.

This representation, if it is but partly true in its direct assertions, is strikingly just in the reverse which they imply. The advantages of the unlearned are not so great as they are here supposed. It would seem, as if merely to shew the Bible to an ignorant mind, would effect its conversion; as if that enmity of heart, which is the great obstacle, and alike in all, in this case did not operate. It is not infrequent for Mrs. More thus to sacrifice truth to contrast or climax. But the difficulties which oppose the philosophical student, are well indicated. He has 'pursuits, illusions, systems, interfering projects to perplex him; contradictory knowledge to unlearn, pride to subdue, and prepossessions to extinguish.' It is "the master in Israel" who inquires "how can these things be?" And is it not sometimes the case, that the mind, conscious of these disadvantages, looks down with a kind of melancholy envy upon those unlearned disciples, who, unharassed by any suspicion, can say, in simplicity, "Lord, I believe?" Let such remember, and act upon the conviction, that Christianity is as true to the one, as to the other; that doubts do not render it doubtful; and that, amidst all their perplexities, they have still one resource, "Help thou mine unbelief."-This persisted in, we have reason to believe, must be successful;

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and till it is resorted to, we should fear that little satisfac-

tion will result from their inquiries.

There is an affecting beauty in the following passage, which describes the submission of the established Christian to the uselessness of age; a grace, which the venerable writer has not yet been called to exercise.

When he can no longer do the will of God by his accustomed exertions, he can, with a submission which is worn into a habit, suffer it. That which is the crime of an ordinary man, is his highest attainment. He can submit to be useless. He will cheerfully resign himself to be discharged from services, in which his former happiness had consisted. He will contentedly see himself laid by, though still stout in heart, and firm in spirit. He will kindly assist those who are rising up to fill the place which he is about to leave vacant, by his counsel, his experience, his prayers. He can rejoice, that though the servant fails, the service is, and will be supplied.

One more extract we cannot deny ourselves. It takes a just view of an important subject, and discriminates with the

eye of a master.

Prudence is, in an ardent character, more likely to be the effect of grace, than even zeal; because in the exercise of zeal he is indulging his natural temper; whereas in the other case, he is subduing it; - and to resist a propensity, is generally more the effect of principle, than to gratify Against enthusiasm, therefore, it is unnecessary to caution the discreet and enlightened Christian. He avoids it as naturally as a wise man avoids folly, as a sober man shuns extravagance. But then it is the thing itself, and not what bigots call so; it is the real entity, and not the spectre, against which he is on his guard. He laments when he encounters a real enthusiast, because he knows that, even if honest, he is pernicious. But though he thinks him highly blameable, he does not think him worse "than murderers of fathers, and murderers of mothers." He thinks enthusiasm mischievous, but he does not think it worse than impiety, worse than intemperance, worse than infidelity, worse than intolerance, worse than any other flagitious vice; especially, he does not think it worse than all the other vices put together. Yet this he might be almost tempted to believe was the case, when he sees other vices comparatively left to enjoy themselves, and this doughty enormity, imaginary as well as real, singly attacked with the combined force of all the weapons which ought to be in turn, applied to the whole family of sin. If, as is not seldom the case, he finds the appellation conferred only because the objects of it are deeply sensible of the unspeakable importance of religion, and the infinite value of eternal things; because they are no more afraid of feeling, that of understanding the great truths of Christianity; because they think their souls are not a property to be complimented away through fear: he find that, with all their warmth they are rational, with all their zeal they are humble, with all their energy they are consistent, with all their spirituality they are sober; if they obey the precepts of the Gospel as faith. fully as they believe its doctrines; if their religion do not lie more in pro-

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fession than in performance; if they give a striking evidence of their love to God, by their tenderness to their fellow-creatures; if they are as liberal to their bodily wants as they are, who forget to take their souls into the account; if their piety appear as much in their practice as in their discourse, and their prudence keep pace with their earnestness, then he will not be forward to impute to them, as the unpardonable sin, those animated sentiments, which are to them 'peace and joy in believing,' and to others, benignity, philanthropy, and kindness. He has observed, that the reason why we see such mis-shapen representations of religion, set up for the finger of reproach a ridicule to point at, is, that the reviler has not been looking out for truth; he was looking out for absurdity, and where it is studiously sought, it will not be difficult to find; and if not found, it will be easily imagined. This caricature he produces as the representative of the whole body; taking care, however, to preserve in his portrait just resemblance enough to shew a feature or two of the real face, that the disgusting and exaggerated physiognomy may not prevent its being recognized. If no glimpse of likeness could be traced, it would not answer the end; it would answer it still less, if the prevailing character of the piece were not deformity."

It is unnecessary to multiply quotations from a work that every one will see. Let us now, therefore, hear the conclusion of the whole matter. We had nearly traversed the volumes, and we began to conclude, that the Establishment was not to receive its accustomed bow, when one of the Stanley family, Candidus by name, stepped out upon us, rather unexpectedly, to do it homage. His attachment is thus described:

Like a true lover, he delights not to expatiate upon any imperfection she may have; but he will not, like an absurd lover, insist on any imperfection as an excellence. Persuaded that a mole or a pimple is no material diminution of beauty, he will no more magnify them into a deformity, than he will deny their existence. Satisfied that it is the best of all the churches which exist, he never troubles himself to inquire if it is the best that is possible. In the church of England he is contented with excellence, and is satisfied to wait for perfection, till he is admitted a member of the church triumphant.'

This principle is doubtless extremely accommodating, and it is one which many will be thankful to adopt upon such authority, and to apply with less limitation. But it is the only instance allowed by our author, or by any, we believe, who profess to consider the Bible as their rule, in which, however hopeless of attaining to perfection in the present state, we are permitted to rest 'satisfied' without aiming at it—the only one in which the perfect standard of Scripture is suffered to be reduced according to taste or convenience. And upon what ground does a rational Christian, with the Bible in his hand, and the rights of conscience in his bosom, maintain the exception? What license has he from either, to take a low aim in one instance more than in another? In cases where system and prejudice are not in the way, our author admits of no such Vol. IX.

evasions; and we begleave to join with her in inquiries, which seem to us to be universal in their operation

'Is any tone too high,' she demands, 'if not higher than that uniformly employed in the Bible? What do we mean, when we say, that we receive the gospel as a rule of faith and practice, if having made the declaration, we instantly go, and, without scruple, lower the rule and depress the practice? Do not the apostles and their Master, the saints and the King of saints, everywhere suggest a rule, not only of excellence, but perfection; a rule to which no hopelessness of attainment is to prevent our stretching forward?'

Perhaps, in her next work, Mrs. More will oblige us by shewing the consistency of such principles with the conduct of Candidus; the consistency of a determination 'never to inquire' with a positive command to "search the scriptures," and, having "proved all things, to hold fast that," only, "which is good." But 'Candidus,' observes his biographer, 'is little given to change:

He rejoices in belonging to a church of whose formularies he has so much to say in commendation. In these standards he rejoices to see truth, as it were, pinned down, hedged in, and, as far as is possible, in this mutable world, preserved and perpetuated. Her significant and spiritual ordinances, and the large infusion of scripture in her offices and liturgy, secure her from the fluctuations of human opinion; so that, if ever the principles of any of her ministers should degenerate, her service would be protected from the vicissitude. No sentiment but those of her prescribed ritual can ever find their way into the desk; and the desk will always be a safe and permanent standard for the pulpit itself, as well as a test by which others may ascertain its purity.'

As there cannot be two standards, we presume, for the same thing, and as there need not be two tests if one is infallible, we propose, with submission, to read the last sentence, thus,—'the Bible will always be a safe and permanent standard for the pulpit itself, as well as a test by which others may ascertain its purity.' The alteration is small, but the improvement, we think, is considerable. If the desk is more correct than the Bible, then, of course, the desk should remain, and the Bible, as a standard, must be laid aside; but if, on the contrary, the Bible is superior to the desk, more authoritative, and less fallible, then let the Bible remain, and the desk, the liturgy, as a standard becomes unnecessary.

And here, without wishing to detract one particle from the excellence of the liturgy, we must be allowed to express our surprise at seeing so weak a plea, as that it 'secures from the fluctuations of human opinion,' advanced in its behalf by writers, who, if they had thought, must have seen its fallacy; who ought not to have written without thinking; and who, if they had thought, and did see its fallacy, should

have been ashamed of employing it. It is not only bad as a principle, but erroneous as a fact. Human opinion continues, and it will continue to fluctuate, notwithstanding. Mrs. More frankly acknowledges the 'incurable diversity' of it; and she must know that people, as well as ministers, are liable to 'degenerate.' We are astonished, therefore, to hear her plead for uniformity of language, while she allows that uniformity of sentiment is unattainable. This, surely, could be no other than "bodily exercise which profiteth little:" and it converts, the forms of the church into worse than mockery, to exact them from men, by whom their doctrines, scriptural as they may be, are not embraced. "All things may be pure, but they are evil to that man who eateth with offence." To persevere in a form which the mind rejects, is only adding hypocrisy to unbelief; and if, in the sight of God hypocrisy were not an abominable thing, yet, what is gained by compelling an infidel, whether a systematic or a thoughtless one, to say

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But allowing the degeneracy to originate in the minister; can any situation be more unfavourable, perplexing, or destructive, than that of his congregation, presented with one set of doctrines from the desk, and with another, directly opposed to it, from the pulpit? Considering the darkness and the evil bias of human nature, to which, is it probable, they will incline? Or rather, putting speculation aside, to which, invariably, do they incline, in such circumstances? It is agreeable to notorious fact, that truth, instead of being preserved by the liturgy, is completely lost sight of. The liturgy is the same in every church in the kingdom, but it is obvious, we believe, beyond dispute, that in hundreds of villages where it is regularly employed, the grossest ignorance, vice, and error, prevail throughout; that the doctrines of the pulpit, whether good or bad, and not those of the desk, uniformly give the character to the parish; and that, till the introduction of what is termed an evangelical ministry, knowledge and piety do not so much as begin to dawn. 'Truth' may be 'pinned down, and hedged in,' by the liturgy, within the morocco bindings of the prayer-book, but, certainly, it is not preserved by it upon the minds of the people, when abandoned to a ' degenerate' ministry. This we do not mention as supposition or inference, but as fact; a fact of which we have often been eye-witnesses, and which Mrs. M. will find attested by authority, which she will hardly feel inclined to dispute. 'If clergymen,' says the writer, ' leave out, in the pulpit, truths essential to salvation, or introduce pernicious heresies, can they be said to preach "the word of the truth of the gospel?" and are spiritual worshippers generally found where the gospel of ' Christ is not preached? Does not the worship, with few ex-

ceptions, degenerate into formality and lip-labour? By long observation I have been convinced, beyond a doubt, that it gene-

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Awful and affecting is the condition of congregations thus instructed! And how inexpressibly awful the temerity of a man who conducts such opposing services!—who speaks, deliberately, and continually, in the worship of his Maker, what, to him, is a falsehood! Can he have a single eye to the cause of truth, or perform a service acceptable to the God of truth? Can he be one moved by the Holy Ghost, or approved of God, to the office of a bishop? Is he not rather that 'stranger,' whose voice the true disciple will not hear, must not follow?

But a word more to Candidus. By what means did he become assured, that, in the formularies of the church, truth, is thus 'pinned down and hedged in?' Does he believe it because, upon good authority, he hears that it is so? Certainly not, for Candidus is a rational believer. What other course then could he adopt? We are not left to conjecture: for 'scripture,' says Mrs. More, 'he is habitually examining, and, his adherence is the effect of conviction, otherwise his tenacity might be prejudice.' Here then we are brought back to the old ground of scripture and conscience, the right and the sufficiency of private judgement. The liturgy, from being measured by scripture, before it can be sanctioned by conscience, is deposed, as a standard; and all authoritative explanations of the one, or restraints upon the other, are inferred to be equally daring and ineffectual.

We perceive, that although remarking upon one of the most popular writers of the age, we have been led rather to censure than to praise. When, indeed, a writer is well known and appreciated—when the character and extent of his genius are ascertained and admitted—there is little left to the critic, but to point out for removal the few imperfections by which its lustre may be obscured, and to guard his readers against their influence while they remain. To inform the public that Mrs. More is a most able and useful Christian moralist, or to enumerate the qualifications which render her such, would now be alike superfluous; and little could be said justly, by way of eulogium, which has not been said already. But to specify errors becomes important, in proportion to the rank of the author in whom they are discovered. So far from concealing the faults of a writer because he is in general excellent, it is necessary that in him, more than in any other, they should be carefully

^{*} Christian Observer, Feb. 1813.

exposed; for the weight and extent of his influence render them more dangerous than larger errors in smaller men. Accordingly we have attempted to discharge this limited duty. In justice to our own views, and to silence that unmeaning admiration which is mere noise—which is not founded upon a single reflection or comparison—we have entered somewhat freely into what we conceive to be the characterizing, and, perhaps, the growing defects of Mrs. More's writings. Against error of all kinds it is the duty of conscience, and the privilege of reason, to stand on its guard. That admiration alone can be esteemed which is calculated to survive fashion, which can give a reason for its preference; and all beyond this confers honour upon none, and is spurned by the truly great. The admirers of Mrs. More will not feel, therefore, materially aggrieved, for we deprive her of nothing that could be permanent. Both her talents and the uniform direction of them command our esteem. Her access to some part of the fashionable world, at the same time that it qualifies her to expose its dangers, secures its polite attention. Her most obstinate auditors have smiled, and said, "Heavens! how excellent," as they turned away; and others, more hopeful, have at least been "almost persuaded to be christians." We do not mean to insinuate that her usefulness has stopped here. There are many whom she is eminently qualified to serve; and, we doubt not, that her success has been, in some degree, proportioned to her The sincere inquirer, who learns not merely zeal and ability. that he may know but that he may do, and submits to scrutiny with the full purpose of improvement, has found in Mrs. More an experienced and judicious friend. In numberless instances his heart and conduct must have been rectified. She has discovered to him failings which he did not suspect, and reminded him of perfection at which he had forgotten to aim. To disciples of this primitive character, Mrs. More is qualified to be eminently useful; and they regard her, in return, with a kind of religious gratitude, which not only prevents their perceiving her defects, but renders the mention of them almost sacrilegious to their feelings.

There is another character, which, except in times of persecution, forms so large a division of the Christian world, that any remedy applied to its relief is, indeed, an extensive benefit; and this application has been made by Mrs. More. The class of patients is that of contracted, feeble christians. In many minds the religious principle appears to rest almost inoperative; or, if there is just action sufficient to shew signs of life, the energy of health is never produced by it. The eye is constantly dimmed either by specks or tears, and seems never to

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open, fully, to the light of the gospel, to that light in which all who behold it are called 'to work.' From the influence of education, of connections, of secular occupations, or of indolence of mind, conscience has remained too ill-informed to be vigilant, or it is vigilant only within narrow limits. They do but little, for they know but little, though the means of knowledge have been as accessible to them as to others. To these infirm and unhappy characters Mrs. More applies her utmost energy; and we doubt not that, in numerous instances, it has been accompanied with divine efficacy to the conscience, and

has produced a permanent change in the heart and life.

To a third class of readers, that of merely 'good sort of people,' our author addresses herself with equal solicitude, though from a circumstance which we have already noticed, we should fear with smaller success. The ignorance and self complacency of those characters require greater caution in the use of terms than she has employed. But Mrs. More is so keen in detecting symptoms, the description of character is so accurate, in every respect but one, that many, we trust, will feel the resemblance, and 'grow wiser than their teacher,' in the conviction that being such, they cannot be 'Christians.' If once they perceive this, the evil is remedied; for they will not be deluded by a title which they disclaim; and gradually improving upon the conviction, under divine influence, they will grow up into the indisputable possession of the Christian name.

While there are numbers, thus rejoicing with humility, and ascribing either the commencement or the progress of their religious course, to the instrumentality of Mrs. More, (and of this, our own observation supplies some interesting examples), far be it from us to reduce the feeling of intelligent gratitude, which animates the public mind. But if it aspires to be permanent let it be discriminating. Let nothing be received as an excellence, while her writings are new, that will not appear such when they are old. Let every shade of moral or intellectual error be pointed out, that it may not mingle with and darken, the light of truth. And not only will her reputation obtain, by these means, a more permanent basis, but her great object, the good of society, will be promoted; both, as the progress of truth will be less interrupted, and as it is a more improving exercise to discriminate than to admire.

ART. II. Rokeby; a Poem in Six Cantos. By Walter Scott, Esq. 1 Vol. 4to. pp. 330, and cxvi, 2l. 2s. boards. Second Edition, 8vo. 14s. boards. Edinburgh, J. Ballantyne and Co. London, Longman and Co. 1813.

IT has been said, that booksellers drink wine out of the skulls of authors; yet one of the most illustrious of the latter fraternity, who rose not to wealth, and barely to competence. by his works, (though these, while the English language endures, will be a source of perennial emolument to "the trade,") 'declared, that booksellers are the best patrons! sayings may be equally true, though neither is strictly so. It is as purely figurative to call a bookseller an author's patron, as to say that he drinks wine out of his skull. The fact is, that, with some notorious exceptions, in proportion as the labours of a writer bring profit to a bookseller, the bookseller is liberal in remunerating the author, - and this for a very obvious and honest reason: his self-interest binds him not to forego a great ultimate advantage for a narrow bargain, while it equally operates in favour of the author, and secures to him the fair market price of his productions. That the market price of the greatest works of literature, and of poetry especially, should be very incommensurate to the toil and expense of thought required to perfect them, is a circumstance rather to be lamented than complained of, and rather to be endured with patience than lamented, since the evil, if it be an evil, is irremediable; and however it may be alleviated by the multiplication of readers, and the magnificent taste for books, in the present day, authors must for ever be excluded from the hope of reaping equal pecuniary benefits from the offspring of their minds, with professors of the sister arts. The world, which loves to wonder, wonders less at Madame Catalani receiving princely rewards for a few motions of her breath, or Mr. West hesitating to receive ten thousand pounds for a single picture, than that Walter Scott, the most popular writer of the age, should have been paid one thousand guineas for Marmion, two for the Lady of the Lake, and three for Rokeby! We will never degrade poetry so low as to admit, even for argument's sake, that the force of genius displayed in these three works is no greater than what Catalani and West must put forth to obtain the same sums of money. It would be making sounds and colours equal to thoughts and feelings to allow this. have no room to discuss the question of the relative merits of music, painting and poetry here; and we are glad to escape from it, to observe, that, after all the hyperbolical praises and hypercritical censures, which have been lavished on Mr. Scott's talents, that mind must be indeed of extraordinary capacity which could, in the course of about eight years, produce four such poems as the Lay of the Last Minstrel, Marmion, the Lady of the Lake, and Rokeby, each rising above the other in popularity, and adding to the value as well as the ex-

tent of the author's fame.

The height of the poet's art is to create characters of deep and various interest, and to make them act in scenes of trial suited to their destiny, in a manner worthy of themselves, There are characters in Rokeby more bold, and yet no less natural, than we find in any of the author's former romances. Instead of a dry and spiritless analysis of the story, we prefer, on the present occason, to exhibit the characters, both evil and good, in succession, as the most interesting examples that could be selected of the diversity of the poet's powers. To these we shall add some splendid and exquisite illustrations of his skill in narrative and description; the whole interwoven with incidental strictures on the faults which every body sees in him, and every body condemns,—faults which he sees in himself, but is determined not to mend. After all it must be confessed, it is much easier to find such faults, than to commit them; they seem inseparable from his merits, of which, if not the legitimate, they are at least the spurious offspring. We are the more inclined to depart from our usual practice, in this instance, because many, if not most, of our readers will choose to enjoy the story in the poet's own words, and will not thank us for any anticipation that would lessen the surprise and delight of the first perusal of a work so eminently amusing,—yet in our opinion so unhappily imagined, that all the felicity of the execution cannot obviate the defects, or disentangle the intricacies, of the plot. On these, however, we shall not expatiate. Mr. Scott possesses the rare and precious art of writing down to every capacity, or elevating every capacity to his own height. He is the favourite poet of the day, because he is the most entertaining, and the most entertaining because he is the most intelligible, -not because either in fancy or feeling he exceeds, or even equals some of his contemporaries. He speaks a kind of universal language. He pleases the learned and the ignorant, the man of taste and the trifler; and like the wandering minstrels whom he so frequently celebrates, he is welcomed wherever he goes, and heard with equal attention in the cottage as in the palace.

Prefixed to the Poem is the following 'Advertisement.'

The scene of this poem is laid at Rokeby, near Greta Bridge, in

Yorkshire, and shifts to the adjacent fortress of Barnard-Castle, and to other places in that vicinity.

^{&#}x27;The time occupied by the action is a space of five days, three of which are supposed to elapse between the end of the fifth and the beginning of the sixth canto.

The date of the supposed events is immediately subsequent to the great battle of Marston Moor, 3d July, 1644. This period of public confusion has been chosen, without any purpose of combining the fable with the military or political events of the civil war, but only as affording a degree of probability to the fictitious narrative now presented to the public.

This poem has no hero. The sixth personage in rank is incomparably the first in elevation of character; and though in the part which he has to perform, he corresponds only with the first murderer in a tragedy, there is such promptitude in his arm, such decision of purpose, and energy of action in all he says and all he does, that few tragedy tyrants can approach him in the terror and grandeur of his villainy. He is the Satan of Rokeby; and the other infernals that figure in the poem, however titled or distinguished, are but inferior demons in his presence. It would be injustice to Mr. Scott, injustice to our readers, and an exposure of ourselves, if we were to introduce this formidable character in any other way than as the poet has introduced him. At the opening of the first canto, Oswald, Lord of Barnard Castle, is waiting in his lonely chamber for the return of Bertram Risingham, whom he had engaged to murder, in the confusion of battle, his brother Mortham, Lord of an adjacent manor, whose possessions he coveted. Bertram enters. The scene that follows is a masterpiece of dramatic picture and dialogue. We confine ourselves chiefly to the person and manners of Bertram, which are thus strikingly described.

> The stranger came with heavy stride, The morion's plumes his visage hide, And the buff coat, in ample fold, Mantles his form's gigantic mould. Full slender answer deigned he To Oswald's anxious courtesy, But marked, by a disdainful smile, He saw and scorned the petty wile, When Oswald changed the torch's place, Anxious that on the soldier's face Its partial lustre might be thrown, To shew his looks, yet hide his own. His guest, the while, laid now aside The ponderous cloak of tough bull's hide, And to the torch glanced broad and clear The corslet of a cuirassier; Then from his brows the casque he drew, And from the dank plume dashed the dew, From gloves of mail relieved his hands, And spread them to the kindling brands, And turning to the genial board, Without a hearth, or pledge, or word

Of meet and social reverence said,
Deeply he drank, and fiercely fed;
As free from ceremony's sway,
As famished wolf that tears his prey.' Canto I. pp. 8, 9.

" Much in the stranger's mien appears, To justify suspicious fears. On his dark face a scorching clime, And toil had done the work of time, Roughened the brow, the temples bared, And sable hairs with silver shared, Yet left,-what age alone could tame-The lip of pride, the eye of flame; The full drawn lip that upward curled, The eye that seemed to scorn the world. That lip had terror never blanched; Ne'er in that eye had tear-drop quenched The flash severe of swarthy glow, That mocked at pain, and knew not woe; Inured to danger's direst form, Tornade and earthquake, flood and storm, Death had he seen by sudden blow, By wasting plague, by tortures slow, By mine or breach, by steel or ball, Knew all his shapes, and scorned them all.' I. pp. 11, 12,

But yet, though Bertram's hardened look, Unmoved could blood and danger brook, Still worse than apathy had place On his swart brow and callous face; For evil passions cherished long, Had ploughed them with impressions strong. All that gives gloss to sin, all gay Light folly, past with youth away, But rooted stood, in manhood's hour, The weeds of vice without their flower. And yet the soil in which they grew, Had it been tamed when life was new, Had depth and vigour to bring forth The hardier fruits of virtue's worth: Not that, e'en then, his heart had known The gentler feelings' kindly tone; But lavish waste had been refined To bounty in his chastened mind, And lust of gold, that waste to feed, Been lost in love of glory's meed, And, frantic then no more, his pride Had ta'en fair virtue for its guide. I. pp. 12, 13.

This important portrait fails in the finishing, and gradually dies away through the last eight lines. In those immediately preceding, the metaphor is so incongruously ingrafted on the sentiment, that it reads as if 'the weeds of vice without their

flower' visibly grew 'on his swart brow and callous face,' which 'evil passions,' had 'ploughed' with strong impressions; and 'the soil in which they grew,' being unluckily associated with the man's physiognomy, produces a ludicrous effect, very remote from that which the author intended.

But it is in action that this transcendant field sinks into nothingness every being of his species, indeed every being of the human species. Wherever he appears, every eye is upon him, every ear listens for his voice or his footstep, and every heart quakes with anxiety and expectation of what desperate deed he will next achieve. In the interview with Oswald, in the first canto, the power of a bold bad man, however meanly born, over a base bad one of far superior rank, is admirably illustrated. Though hired to murder Oswald's brother, and his own captain, without having made any terms before hand, the moment he enters Barnard Castle, he assumes the rank which nature gave him; and its lordly owner, now at his mercy, after exhausting every wile of circumlocution to gather from him the issue of his attempt, which Bertram sternly eludes, is constrained at length in plain terms to demand,

Wretch! hast thou paid thy bloody debt? Philip of Mortham, lives he yet?"

Then, indeed, the proud assassin leaps up with ferocious exultation, familiarly grasps the hand of his dastardly employer, pledges a health to him, and flinging aside the hand which he had wrung till "the blood-drop started from the nail," scornfully and bitterly relates the imagined success of his attack on the life of Mortham; and while he bullies Oswald, with equal contempt and detestation, demands, as the price of his brother's blood, the treasures which the latter had accumulated in his buccaneering expeditions, and which were buried in a particular tomb near his residence. Oswald dare not refuse, for he feels himself more in the ruffian's power, than Mortham was in Marston field, when Bertram fired at him, and thought he had killed, when he had only unhorsed him: but Oswald from the beginning is completely within his clutch, and the hawk is not more remorseless to the flutterings of the sparrow, than Bertram to the writhing anguish of his employer, whom he spurns as his slave. We shall have occasion hereafter to exhibit this terrible being in action; but at present we pass by every thing else, to light the reader into the recesses of his heart, and discover the consummation of his guilt, in his last confession of crime and impenitence. In a gloomy cavern, lately the den of banditti, who had been cut off in an assault, wherein he was their leader, against Rokeby Castle, he has been conversing with Edmund (whom we shall notice hereafter), and perceiving the crisis of his own fate at hand,—

' He paused, and, stretching him at length, Seemed to repose his bulky strength. Communing with his secret mind, As half he sate, and half reclined. One ample hand his forehead pressed, And one was dropped across his breast. The shaggy eye-brows deeper came Above his eyes of swarthy flame; His lip of pride awhile forbore The haughty curve till then it wore; The unaltered fierceness of his look A shade of darkened sadness took,-For dark and sad a presage pressed Resistlessly on Bertram's breast,-And when he spoke his wonted tone. So fierce, abrupt, and brief, was gone. His voice was steady, low, and deep, Like distant waves when breezes sleep; And sorrow mixed with Edmund's fear, Its low unbroken depth to hear.'-pp. 273-274.

' The dawning of my youth, with awe And prophecy, the dalesmen saw; For over Redesdale it came, As bodeful as their beacon-flame. Edmund, thy years were scarcely mine, When, challenging the clans of Tyne To bring their best my brand to prove, O'er Hexham's altar hung my glove; But Tynedale, nor in tower nor town, Held champion meet to take it down. My noontide India may declare; Like her fierce sun, I fired the air! Like him, to wood and cave bade fly Her natives, from mine angry eye. Panama's maids shall long look pale When Risingham inspires the tale; Chili's dark matrons long shall tame The froward child with Bertram's name. And now, my race of terror run, Mine be the eve of tropic sun! No pale gradations quench his ray, No twilight dews his wrath allay; With disk like battle-target red, He rushes to his burning bed, Dyes the wide wave with bloody light,

Then sinks at once—and all is night.' VI. pp. 275, 277.

This is one of those passages, of rare occurrence, in which Mr. Scott, with a speed and vigour beyond competition,

bounds along the course, and leaves all his imitators at a hopeless and immeasureable distance behind him. The propriety of the concluding simile, in the mouth of him who employs it, in illustration of his own career in the torrid zone, is

equal to the splendour of the image.

The character of Oswald has been already displayed in contrast with Bertram's. In wickedness it rivals, though in greatness it falls far below the other. Avarice, ambition, and cruelty are the ruling passions of Oswald; but his cowardice and treachery would have rendered him insupportably disgusting and wearisome, had not the poet, with consummate skill, placed him in some situations, in which his vices are so exposed and self-punished as to awaken in the reader those strong and almost transporting sensations, which minds of the highest order alone can call forth from subjects the most horrid and revolting. We may quote as instances, the dreams of delirious slumber, and the agonies of waking remorse that assail him in the night, when he expects Bertram from the field, reeking with his brother's blood; and afterwards, all the tortures of suspense, in which the assassin holds him, like a drowning man, by malicious silence on the event of his errand, till Oswald, as we have already observed, in a sudden gust of passion, is compelled to extort the bloody intelligence. In the context of the following passage, Bertram, having been surprised into confession of his guilt, is pursued as the murderer of Mortham, by a party of attendants on Oswald. Oswald himself is left alone in a state which even a spirit in perdition might not envy.

The horsemen galloped, to make good, Each pass that issued from the wood. Loud from the thickets wrung the shout Of Redmond and his eager route; With them was Wilfrid, stung with ire, And envying Redmond's martial fire, And emulous of fame. - But where Is Oswald, noble Mortham's heir? He, bound by honour, law, and faith, Avenger of his kinsman's death?-Leaning against the elmin tree, With drooping head and slackened knee, And clenched teeth, and close clasped hands, In agony of soul he stands! His downcast eye on earth is bent, His soul to every sound is lent, For in each shout that cleaves the air, May ring discovery and despair.'-pp. 82, 83.

What 'vailed it him, that brightly played The morning sun on Mortham's glade?

All seems in giddy round to ride, Like objects on a stormy tide, Seen eddying by the moonlight dim, Imperfectly to sink and swim. What 'vailed it, that the fair domain, Its battled mansion, hill, and plain, On which the sun so brightly shone, Envied so long was now his own? The lowest dungeon in that hour, Of Brackenbury's dismal tower, Had been his choice, could such a doom Have opened Mortham's bloody tomb! Forced, too, to turn unwilling ear To each surmise of hope or fear, Murmured amongst the rustics round Who gathered at the larum sound, He dare not turn his head away Even to look up to heaven to pray, Or call on hell, in bitter mood, For one sharp death-shot from the wood!' II. pp. 83, 84.

Perhaps the author intended Oswald for his hero; the poem turns upon his diabolical machinations, and terminates with

his death.

The third atrocious character of the story is Gny Denzil, a low-bred hardened wretch, fit for any thing but to live; without the prowess of Bertram, or the conscience of Oswald, to excite admiration or sympathy. He is most in character, and most in place, when he is going to be hanged. Of this ceremony we shall quote the description, for the sake of the four lines that express the dreadful abstraction of mind from all external objects, when it recoils into itself, at the certain approach of death,—death without reprieve in this world, and without any distinct hope or fear in the world to come.

'Twas bustle in the court below,-" Mount, and march forward !"-forth they go; Steeds neigh and trample all around, Steel rings, spears glimmer, trumpets sound .-Just then was sung his parting hymn; And Denzil turned his eye-balls dim, And scarcely conscious what he sees, Follows the horsemen down the Tees, And scarcely conscious what he hears, The trumpets tingle in his ears— O'er the long bridge they're sweeping now, The van is hid by green wood bough; But ere the rereward had passed o'er, Guy Denzil heard and saw no more! One stroke upon the castle bell To Oswald wrung his dying knell." VI. pp. 282, 283. The fourth knavish actor, in this piece, is a young minstrel, whom Guy Denzil had seduced from his home and from virtue, who is at once the accomplice and the darling of the banditti. The mirth, fickleness, compunction and mischievous propensity of this wayward creature, are spiritedly sketched.

Mortham is a character obscured with such dreadful shades of guilt, that we cannot call him good, and of misfortune, that we cannot altogether condemn him. Whatever concerns him is strange, and either utterly unaccountable, or far less interesting than it would have been, had not his story been given by piecemeal, and neither seasonably nor happily introduced, as in the fourth canto, where the reader's mind is more concerned for other persons. Twice only he makes his appearance; the first time like a spirit, walking after death, when he interferes between Bertram and Wilfrid; the second time at the close of the poem, when he comes like a creature of flesh and blood raised from the dead by a poetic miracle—which is one of the most violent and aukward expedients that we find in

any of Mr. Scott's marvellous histories.

Of the virtuous characters there are five. The first, the Knight of Rokeby, is a mere cypher, though there seems no reason why he should not have cut as good a figure as any in the poem; for a venerable man of honour and loyalty is wanting, to compare with the outlaw Bertram, and the rebel From his relative situation, he might have been made to act a very signal part in the drama. His daughter Matilda, the only female in the poem, accomplished and lovely as the author has drawn her, is only a younger sister of the Lady of the Lake, and must yield to her, we should suppose, the prize of every reader's heart, in which it will probably be in vain for any daughter of the poet's fancy ever to rival the innocent and noble-minded Ellen. Matilda, however, is a sister worthy of her; -- and whatever conquests her charms may effect out of the poem, in it she is the object of the vows of two youths, strikingly contrasted with each other, both of whom have such claims on the reader's sympathy and good wishes, that the mind is painfully divided by their conflicting passions, and though the poet has done all that a poet could do, in an irremediable case, to reconcile and prepare us for the event, it is evident from the beginning, that, end as it may, it must end unhappily; for the successful lover will certainly be exposed to our spleen, the lady herself secretly accused of cruelty, and the unfortunate suitor endeared to the kindest sympathies of our nature. This double love, thus nicely balanced through five long cantos, when it must be decided in the sixth, is the cause of one of the most violent and inhuman murders ever committed in prose or rhyme. Wilfrid, whose passion, consuming as it had been, was alone insufficient to kill him, and who had been desperately wounded in the storming of Rokeby Castle, apparently for this very purpose, dies, broken-hearted, in the moment when the plots of his iniquitous father, Oswald, had reduced Matilda to the necessity of surrendering herself at discretion to the poor youth, who had a heart to love but not to woo her. This Wilfrid being, in many respects, a novelty in fiction, and a rarity (though no monster,) in nature, has already been much admired and celebrated in the world. His portrait is therefore one of the necessary quotations in every critique on Rokeby, and we must conform to the fashion, though, according to our deliberate judgment, the character is much better conceived than executed; indeed, we do not know a part of the poem in which there is so much of expletive metaphor, and indistinct sentimentality. It is, however, truly affecting, and awakens great interest and curiosity, to know what can be done with so frail and exquisite a being.

> ' Nought of his sire's ungenerous part -Polluted Wilfrid's gentle heart; A heart too soft from early life To hold with fortune needful strife. His sire while yet a hardier race Of numerous sons were Wycliffe's grace, On Wilfrid set contemptuous brand, For feeble heart and forceless hand; But a fond mother's care and joy Were center'd in her sickly boy. No touch of childhood's frolic mood Shewed the elastic spring of blood; Hour after hour he loved to pore On Shakespeare's rich and varied lore; But turned from martial scenes and light, From Falstaff's feast and Percy's fight, To ponder Jaques' moral strain, And muse with Hamlet, wise in vain; And weep himself to soft repose O'er gentle Desdemona's woes.

In youth he sought not pleasures found By youth in horse, and hawk, and hound, But loved the quiet joys that wake By lonely stream and silent lake; In Deepdale's solitude to lie, Where all is cliff, and copse, and sky; To climb Cat-castle's dizzy peak, Or lone Pendragon's mound to seek. Such was his wont; and there his dream Soared on some wild fantastic theme,

Of faithful love, or ceaseless Spring, Till contemplation's wearied wing The enthusiast could no more sustain, And sad he sunk to earth again.

" He loved—as many a lay can tell, Preserved in Stanmore's lonely dell; For his was minstrel skill: he caught The art unteachable, untaught; He loved—his soul did nature frame For love, and fancy nursed the flame; Vainly he loved—for seldom swain Of such soft mould is loved again; Silent he loved—in every gaze Was passion, friendship in his phrase. So mused his life away—till died His brothren all, their father's pride. Wilfrid is now the only heir Of all his stratagems and care, And destined, darkling, to pursue Ambition's maze by Oswald's clue.

Wilfrid must love and woo the bright Matilda, heir of Rokeby's Knight. To love her was an easy hest, The secret empress of his breast; To woo her was a harder task, To one that durst not hope or ask; Yet all Matilda could, she gave In pity to her gentle slave; Friendship, esteem, and fair regard, And praise, the poet's best reward. She read the tales his taste approved, And sung the lays he framed or loved; Yet, loth to nurse the fatal flame Of hopeless love in friendship's name, In kind caprice she oft withdrew The favouring glance to friendship due, Then grieved to see her victim's pain, And gave the dangerous smiles again.' I. pp. 33-36.

The following are the stanzas which we think Mr. Scott

Thus wore his life, though reason strove For mastery in vain with love, Forcing upon his thoughts the sum Of present woe and ills to come, While still he turned impatient ear From truth's intrusive voice, severe. Gentle, indifferent, and subdued, In all but this, unmoved he viewed Each outward change of ill and good:

But Wilfrid, docile, soft, and mild, Was Fancy's spoiled and wayward child; In her bright car she bade him ride, With one fair form to grace his side; Or, in some wild and lone retreat, Flung her high spells around his seat, Bathed in her dews his languid head, Her fairy mantle o'er him spread, For him her opiates gave to flow, Which he who tastes can ne'er forego, And placed him in her circle, free From every stern reality, Till, to the visionary, seem Her day-dreams truth, and truth a dream.

Woe to the youth whom Fancy gains, Winning from Reason's hand the reins, Pity and woe! for such a mind Is soft, contemplative, and kind; And woe to those who train such youth, And spare to press the rights of truth, The mind to strengthen and anneal, While on the stithy glows the steel! O teach him, while your lessons last, To judge the present by the past; Remind him of each wish pursued, How rich it glowed with promised good; Remind him of each wish enjoyed, How soon his hopes possession cloyed! Tell him we play unequal game, Whene'er we shoot by Fancy's aim; And, ere he strip him for her race, Show the conditions of the chace. Two sisters by the goal are set, Cold disappointment and regret: One disenchants the winner's eyes, And strips of all its worth the prize, While one augments its gaudy show, More to enhance the loser's woe. The victor sees his fairy gold Transformed, when won, to drossy mold, But still the vanquished mourns his loss, And rues, as gold, that glittering dross.' I. pp. 40-42.

Let any reader, after being dazzled, on the first indolent perusal, with the brilliancy of some of these lines, sit down patiently to analyze the thoughts, and ascertain the distinct meaning of every metaphor and expression separately, and then connectedly, in his own mind. What will be the impression? Such an impression, we will venture to affirm, as is left on the brain by a delightful dream, from which one awakes with a head-ache, and vainly endeavours to recall and

reunite the beautiful and incongruous images,—while the very ideas that are recollected have lost their power to charm. The lines in which Fancy plays such legerdemain pranks with her spoiled and wayward child,' are peculiarly incoherent and bewildering.

To complete the Rokeby gallery of portraits, we must give those of Matilda, and Redmond, her favoured lover; but we shall give them without *framing*, having no room left to enlarge now. Matilda, seated between the rivals, in the fourth

Canto, is thus delineated.

Wreathed in its dark-brown rings, her hair Half hid Matilda's forehead fair, Half hid and half revealed to view Her full dark eye, of hazel hue. The rose, with faint and feeble streak, So slightly tinged the maiden's cheek, That you had said her hue was pale; But, if she faced the summer gale, Or spoke, or sung, or quicker moved, Or heard the praise of those she loved, Or when of interest was expressed Aught that wak'd feeling in her breast, The mantling blood in ready play Rivalled the blush of rising day. There was a soft and pensive grace, A cast of thought upon her face, That suited well the forehead high, The eye-lash dark and downcast eye; The mild expression spoke a mind In duty firm, composed, resigned; "Tis that which Roman art has given, To mark their maiden Queen of heaven. In hours of sport, that mood gave way To Fancy's light and frolic play; And when the dance, or tale, or song, In harmless mirth sped time along, Full oft her doating sire would call His Maud the merriest of them all. But days of war and civil crime, Allowed but ill such festal time, And her soft pensiveness of brow Had deepened into sadness now. In Marston field her father ta'en, Her friends dispersed, brave Mortham slain, While every ill her soul foretold, From Oswald's thirst of power and gold, And boding thoughts that she must part With a soft vision of her heart,-All lowered around the lovely maid, To darken her dejection's shade.' IV. pp. 142-144. The following is the figure and air of Redmond:

'Then Bertram might the bearing trace Of the bold youth who led the chace, Who paused to list for every sound, Climbed every height to look around, Then rushing on with naked sword, Each dingle's bosky depths explored. 'Twas Redmond—by the azure eye; 'Twas Redmond-by the locks that fly Disordered from his glowing cheek; Mien, face, and form, young Redmond speak; A form more active, light, and strong, Ne'er shot the ranks of war along; The modest, yet the manly mien, Might grace the court of maiden queen; A face more fair you well might find, For Redmond's knew the sun and wind, Nor boasted, from their tinge when free, The charm of regularity; But every feature had the power To aid the expression of the hour: Whether gay wit or humour sly, Danced laughing in his light-blue eye; Or bended brow, and glance of fire, And kindling cheek, spoke Erin's ire; Or soft and saddened glances show Her ready sympathy with woe; Or in that wayward mood of mind, When various feelings are combined, When joy and sorrow mingle near, And hope's bright wings are checked by fear, And rising doubts keep transport down, And anger lends a short-lived frown; In that strange mood which maids approve, Even when they dare not call it love, With every change his features played, As aspens shew the light and shade.' III. pp. 96-98.

Having expatiated at so much length on the characters, we must very briefly notice the style of action and description in this poem. A single specimen of the spirit and fire of the narrative in its happier strain will be sufficient. Bertram, accompanied by Wilfrid, is proceeding to Mortham Hall to take possession of the buried treasures of his master, whom he believes he has murdered in the battle of Marston Moor. Though his breast is described as inaccessible to any earthly fear, yet as no human heart, however early dipt in Lethe, is without some vulnerable part, the poet has finely and justly made this barbarian the secret and credulous dupe of absurd and extravagant superstition. As he and Wilfrid traverse a certain

haunted dell, twice he imagines himself crossed by the Spirit of Mortham. At length scared into frenzy, he exclaims,

"Whate'er thou art, thou now shalt stand!" And forth he darted, sword in hand.

· As bursts the levin in its wrath. He shot him down the sounding path; Rock, wood, and stream, rung wildly out, To his loud step and savage shout. Seems that the object of his race Hath scaled the cliffs; his frantic chace Sidelong he turns, and now 'tis bent Right up the rock's tall battlement; Straining each sinew to ascend, Foot, hand, and knee their aid must lend. Wilfrid, all dizzy with dismay, Views from beneath his dreadful way; Now to the oak's warped roots he clings, Now trusts his weight to ivy strings; Now, like the wild goat, must he dare An unsupported leap in air; Hid in the shrubby rain-course now, You mark him by the crashing bough, And by his corslet's sullen clank, And by the stones spurned from the bank, And by the hawk scared from her nest, And ravens croaking o'er their guest, Who deem his forfeit limbs shall pay The tribute of his bold essay.'

' See he emerges!—desperate now All farther course—yon beetling brow, In craggy nakedness sublime, What heart or foot shall dare to climb? It bears no tendril for his clasp, Presents no angle to his grasp; Sole stay his foot may rest upon, Is you earth-bedded jetting stone. Balanced on such precarious prop, He strains his grasp to reach the top. Just as the dangerous stretch he makes By heaven, his faithless footstool shakes! Beneath his tottering bulk it bends, It sways, it loosens, it descends! And downward holds its headlong way, Crashing o'er rock and copse-wood spray. Loud thunders shake the echoing dell!— Fell it alone ?-alone it fell. Just on the very verge of fate, The hardy Bertram's falling weight He trusted to his sinewy hands, And on the top unharmed he stands!' II. pp. 66-68.

This again is one of Mr. Scott's incomparable flights: the nearest, the boldest, the happiest of his imitators must feel that he cannot approach his master here, and, pausing to behold him, envy must forget itself into admiration. We are aware that it is improbable, perhaps impossible, for a creature of bones and sinews to perform such feats of agility, as are here presented to the eye of the reader's imagination, with such light and truth that they are realities to him, while the narrative proceeds, and cannot be doubted when it stops, -where the giant form of Bertram stands alone and at rest on the eminence, while the stones and the bushes below are yet in motion from his passage. Poetical power is not to be mea. sured by physical strength, nor limited to the ordinary exertions of man. Art could never equal Nature were it not sometimes to go beyond it; and if the action and language of poetry were not higher-toned than those of life, it would fail in

its noblest purposes.

The pursuit after Bertram in the same Canto, and the burning of Rokeby Castle, in the fifth, are not inferior to this, in their kind. The parts, and those parts are numerous, in which the dignity of the general subject is most degraded, are the long conversation-pieces, in language characteristic enough of the speakers, but so utterly anti-poetical, that unless the author could have put choicer terms into their mouths, he ought to have made them hold their tongues. That which might be a merit and a beauty in the drama, becomes a fault and a deformity in a poem, which does not pretend to be a fac simile representation either of manners or speech, -for nobody talks in rhyme or even in metre; and there are a thousand things, useful, and necessary, and agreeable in the world, which would not bear translation into verse. Whatever characters, therefore, the poet invents, whatever scenes he may picture, over both he must cast the hue of his own imagination, that if lovely they shall please more, or if gross they shall offend less, than their prototypes in nature. This is a copious theme, but we can only drop this solitary hint, the consideration of which we leave to poets and their readers.

Mr. Scott's descriptions in his former poems have exalted him, as a painter in words, to a rank not beneath the highest of his contemporaries, or even his predecessors. We cannot bestow greater praise on his descriptions in Rokeby than to say, that they are worthy of his pen. The following is only a part of a magnificent morning view, between Barnard Castle

and Mortham.

' Of different mood, a deeper sigh Awoke, when Rokeby's turrets high

Were northward in the dawning seen To rear them o'er the thicket green. O then, though Spenser's self had strayed Beside him through the lovely glade, Lending his rich, luxuriant glow Of fancy, all its charms to show, Pointing the stream, rejoicing, free, As captive set at liberty, Flashing her sparkling waves abroad, And clamouring joyful on her road; Pointing where up the sunny banks, The trees retire in scattered ranks, Save where advanced before the rest, On knoll or hillock, rears his crest, Lonely, and huge, the giant oak, As champions, when their band is broke, Stand forth to guard the rearward post, The bulwark of the scattered host-All this, and more, might Spenser say, Yet waste in vain his magic lay, While Wilfrid eyed the distant tower, Whose lattice lights Matilda's bower.

The open vale is soon past o'er, Rokeby, though nigh, is seen no more; Sinking mid Greta's thickets deep, A wild and darker course they keep, A stern and lone, yet lovely road, As e'er the foot of minstrel trode! Broad shadows o'er their passage fell, Deeper and narrower grew the dell; It seemed some mountain, rent and riven, A channel for the stream had given, So high the cliffs of limestone grey Hung beetling o'er the torrent's way. Yielding, along their rugged base, A flinty footpath's niggard space, Where he, who winds 'twixt rock and wave, May hear the headlong torrent rave, And like a steed in frantic fit, That flings the froth from curb and bit, May view her chafe her waves to spray, O'er every rock that bars her way, Till foam-globes on her eddies ride, Thick as the schemes of human pride, That down life's current drive amain, As frail, as frothy, and as vain! The cliffs that rear the haughty head

High o'er the river's darksome bed,

Were now all naked, wild, and grey, Now waving all with greenwood spray; Here trees to every crevice clung, And o'er the dell their branches hung ; And there, all splintered and uneven, The shivered rocks ascend to heaven. Oft, too, the ivy swathed their breast, And wreathed its garland round their crest, Or from the spires bade loosely flare Its tendrils in the middle air. As pennons wont to wave of old. O'er the high feast of Baron bold, When revelled loud the feudal rout, And the arched halls returned their shout, Such and more wild is Greta's roar, And such the echoes from her shore, And so the ivied banners gleam, Waved wildly o'er the brawling stream.' II. pp. 55-58.

In the same Canto, Bertram's pursuers having missed him,

Eluded, now behind him die,
Faint and more faint, each hostile cry;
He stands in Scargill wood alone,
Nor hears he now a harsher tone
Than the hoarse cushat's plaintive cry,
Or Greta's sound that murmurs by;
And on the dale so lone and wild,
The summer sun in quiet smiled.'

He listened long with anxious heart, Ear bent to hear, and foot to start, And, while his stretched attention glows, Refused his weary frame repose. Twas silence all-he laid him down, Where purple heath profusely strown, And throatwort with its azure bell. And moss and thyme his cushion swell. There, spent with toil, he listless eyed The course of Greta's playful tide, Beneath her banks now eddying dun, Now brightly gleaming to the sun, As, dancing over rock and stone, In yellow light her currents shone, Matching in hue the favourite gem Of Albin's mountain-diadem. Then, tired to watch the current's play, He turned his weary eyes away, To where the bank opposing shew'd Its huge, square cliffs through shaggy-wood. One prominent above the rest, Reared to the sun its pale grey breast; Around its broken summit grew The hazel rude, and sable yew; A thousand varied lichens dyed
Its waste and weather-beaten side,
And round its rugged basis lay,
By time or thunder sent away,
Fragments, that from its frontlet torn,
Were mantled now by verdant thorn.
Such was the scene's wild majesty,

That filled stern Bertram's gazing eye.' III. pp. 100-102.

We must abruptly break off here. We intended to make some comments on Mr. Scott's similes, but a future opportunity may be afforded us. We shall only remark, that while some of them are pre-eminently beautiful and appropriate, others are more strained and fantastical than any thing we have lately encountered in good poetry.

Art. III. Excursions of Vigilius. By S. Morell, Little Baddow, Essex. Svo. pp. 107. price 3s. Gale, Curtis, and Fenner. 1813.

THOUGH we often hear it vehemently agitated, whether fictitious narrative be a proper mode of conveying grave instruction, it seems to us that the question may be considered as decided. The wisest and best of men, as appears from their practice, have thought the expedient perfectly legitimate; and that in this case they judged correctly, is evident from the success of their endeavours. By fictitious narrative they have not only imparted pleasure, but made large contributions to the improvement of mankind: they have not only excited the imagination and soothed the affections, but have dissipated prejudice and purified taste, fixed the resolves of the wavering, and enlarged the views of the narrow-minded, given " ardour to virtue and confidence to truth." In forming a judgement therefore upon any work of the above description, it is only necessary to consider, as in regard to other kinds of composition, the object of the author, and the manner in which it is attained.

The design of the little volume before us is very excellent: it is to expose covetousnesss in its proper light, and to exhibit the various forms it is perpetually assuming in the world. Many persons who believe themselves very good Christians, appear scarcely even in theory to contemplate covetousness as a vice; or if they do, though they may be deeply tinged with its pollution, have a facility in representing themselves to their own minds as extremely charitable. It is of importance therefore to instruct the former, and undeceive the latter; to convince the one that the Christian law classes covetousness among the most hateful vices, and to make the other sensible that having 'this world's goods,' without relieving the indigent,

whatever be their pretensions, the love of God is absent from their hearts.

The means by which Mr. Morell has attempted to effect this laudable object, are very simple. Vigilius-a young man about one and twenty-of good character and pious dispositions—is left by his father in the care of a prosperous business, Regarding covetousness as one of the most besetting evils incident to prosperity, he resolves to make the nature and appearances of that vice the subject of his examination. After employing for this purpose the opportunities afforded him, during three years, by an extensive trade, he determines, with a view to the same object, to spend a few weeks in the country with his friend Mr. Wilton. It is so contrived, while Vigilius is on this visit, that the subject of his inquiries forms the principal topic of conversation, and that, by the slight artifice of visits paid and received, he has an opportunity of observing the strangely varied shapes and disguises of an avaricious spirit. The incidents of the story are sometimes affecting -always interesting-and they materially help forward the design of the work. The dialogues for the most part are natural and lively; and those parts of them in which the opinions of the author are delivered, perfectly accord with the representations of scripture. The characters introduced are well chosensufficiently various—and delineated with fidelity and truth.

Few of our readers, we are persuaded, can fail of being edified by the perusal of this little work. In order to recommend it more effectually to their attention, we shall subjoin one or two extracts. The first regards the influence of covetousness on the character of those who pass for truly religious persons.

Mr. Wally. If I rightly understand your question, its object is to ascertain, the effects of covetousness upon the religious or moral character of those, who are able so far to conceal it, as to be deemed religious

persons.

lamented by their best friend, without having discovered the real cause. Perhaps then, replied Mr. Wally, it is covetousness which induces some religious professors to neglect almost habitually, certain important and needful duties. There is one day in the week considered sacred, no business is to be transacted, and the most sordid can attend to the public duties of that day without any alarm, it costs them nothing, no time is lost because no gains could be made; but there are many other duties to be observed, by all who have real religion at heart, some of a social nature, others occasional, and others still more private; these are frequently or totally neglected, not from any doubt of their utility, not from a persuasion that there is real benefit to be derived from them; but alas! there is one object which seems to outweigh every other consideration, and that is interest.

Mr. Pasquil. It is but a few weeks ago, that a case of this descrippon reached my ears. A valuable and intimate friend, whose society I often enjoy, was visiting me for a day or two; he is a Dissenting Minister, who has the care of a large and respectable congregation, about eight miles distant from my residence. In the course of much conversation on different topics, the importance and utility of social religious meetings was adverted to, and he appeared to feel exceedingly the censurable conduct of one of his hearers in this respect; " he is" said he, " a man of great respectability in our congregation, whose presence and countenance in our social religious meetings would have much weight and effect, no man can be more constant and apparently serious in the observance of the Sabbath, than he is: he is never absent, except in case of affliction or inevitable necessity, and in the evening of that day, his family are regularly convened for religious purposes; but he appears to act under an idea, that when the Sabbath is past, all religious obligations cease till the next week; he will attend no religious meetings when any other business can be done; he fears that if he were absent from his own house for one evening, some loss would be sustained, some opportunity missed of making gain; or he apprehends that his servants and workmen would be negligent, or dishonest; or he conceives that the profits of business would in some way be suspended; and rather than expose himself to such heavy misfortunes," exclaimed my friend, " with all his pretended piety he will neglect not only the general interests of religion among us, but even his own best interest."-You probably do not personally know the gentleman alluded to, said Sir Thomas Blithe, and he perhaps does not consider himself a covetous man, yet how fatally is he affected, and many others with him, by excessive love of the world! We are obliged to conclude, that the sordid spirit, which injures his religious friends, and even his own family, induces him to neglect those devotions also, which can only be enjoyed in retirement, or if it do not lead to the actual omission of them, yet it may occasion that hasty and confused observance of them, which will render them worse than useless.

'Mr. Wilton. This is but one instance among thousands, by which it is proved, that no man can at once consult his own temporal interest, or rather what an irreligious person will consider such, and maintain a conscience towards God void of offence. And yet, said Sir Thomas Blithe, we cannot doubt the truth of the assertion, that "godliness is profitable anto all things; having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." Integrity and piety are certainly favourable to prosperity and to human happiness, in every important sense; but men are commonly so extravagant in their ideas of what they call their own interest, that in many cases it cannot be pursued with strict integrity. I should apprehend for instance, that connections, especially where considerable expectations depend, often prove a snare: it is but too true, that " not many rich men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called;" and if a person for the sake of interest, should resolve to court the favour of the great, unless he be so fortunate as to meet with those among them that are truly religious, he probably will not succeed, but to his great cost.'-

PP. 35-38.

Our next extract will serve to show the strange blindness and obduracy of mind that an inordinate love of riches produces.

The unhappy person who is employed as the example is a Mr. He had just refused to contribute to a very urgent case of distress, because he had 'no notion of encouraging the worthless; and Mr. Wilton, is now trying to excite his curiosity as to another, which he supposes will not fail to work on his compassion.

In a very short time after this conversation was ended, Mr. Wilton and his party, being several miles from home, took their leave, and Mr. Tyler joined them. When they arrived at Mr. Wilton's house, Mr. Tyler was so strongly urged to spend an hour with them, that he dismounted, and went into the parlour. After taking a glass of wine, he enquired what was the case which Mr. Wilton alluded to, just before they left Mr. Thompson's. - You know Robert Seaton, said Mr. Wilton.

Mr. Tyler. Yes, Sir, as worthy a fellow as any in the parish; he lived five years with me, before he married, and I always found him honest

and industrious.

. Mr. Wilton. I had forgotten that he was ever in your service, but I always understood that he maintained a good character, and since his marriage his conduct has been as exemplary, as when he was immediately under the eye of a master.

• Mr. Tyler. I said all I could to dissuade him from marrying, but could not prevail. He has a family, I think.

Mr. Wilton. He has six children, and his wife, I am informed, is

near her confinement with the seventh.

. Mr. Tyler. A large family in these times is a heavy incumbrance upon a poor man, that depends upon his own labour; but he's an industrious fellow, he will do if any body can .- Yes, Sir, replied Mr. Wilton, but he is very ill.

Mr. Tyler. I am sorry to hear that; has he been ill long?

He has been for more than a month unable to do any work, and his family have been living upon a little money he had reserved for the payment of his rent, which becomes due next week.

Mr. Tyler. Who is his landlord, Sir?

Mr. Wilton. Mr. Tudor.

Mr. Tyler. Mr. Tudor is a very worthy benevolent man, he will not

distress bim for the rent.

- Mr. Wilton. I am persuaded he will not, but the poor man is now confined to his bed; his money is all gone, and his family isin great distress. It is highly necessary to afford them some adequate relief, and as this is a case which you cannot but approve, I hope you will take it into consideration.
- . Mr. Tyler. I should be very willing to send him something, if it were necessary, but you know he has a claim upon the parish .- Certainly he has, replied Mr. Wilton, and he has at last, with great reluctance, made application to the Overseer for relief.

Mr. Tyler. No doubt he will take good care of him.

Mrs. Willon. But he needs better attention than can be expected from that quarter, and Maria has been for a week past collecting a little money for them; if you leave a few shillings with her, they will be faithfully disposed of.

Mr. Tyler. There can be no doubt, Madam, either of Miss Wilton's integrity or benevolence, but I do not see the necessity of making any private collection; the parish must do him justice, and you, Sir, as a magistrate can inforce it; I would wish as I said before, to be charitable whenever it is needful, but it is no charity to help the parish.

Mrs. Wilton. But you must be sensible, Mr. Tyler, that the people in affiction need many little comforts, that are not to be obtained by common

parish relief.

do every thing that is necessary, and the poor ought not to expect every advantage exactly, which persons in a superior station may be able to command, in similar circumstances.

Mrs. Wilton, That is, we are not to do unto others, as we would they

should do unto us.

'Mr. Tyler. I do not pretend, madam, to understand every thing contained in the Bible; but I know we are not required to give money away needlessly; and as this is evidently not a case of necessity, though I respect the fellow, and shall be glad to see him about again, I must decline giving any thing.' pp. 74—77.

It would be easy to multiply such extracts as the above. But these will be sufficient, we trust, to enforce our recommendation of the book, and to induce our readers to peruse the whole.

Art. IV. The Life and Administration of Cardinal Wolsey. By John Galt, 4to. pp. 500. Price 21. 2s. Cadell and Davies. 1812.

T is not very easy to conjecture what class of readers it is designed to attract or please, by a new and costly work on the subject of this volume. Undoubtedly, a fine new book has considerable recommendation in the mere fact of its novelty, and what may be called its corporeal elegance; but that there can be at this time, within this realm, twenty persons who are anxious for any further information concerning Cardinal Wolsey, than what is to be found in our popular histories, with the addition of the entertaining memoir of him by Cavendish, as now correctly edited by Dr. Wordsworth, is more than we find it easy to believe, -and if it were proved, would be more than could easily be accounted for. The substantial estimate of his character is perfectly settled; nor will his present or any future historian be able to modify it, in any degree that shall be worth the writing or the reading of a quarto volume. While so much praise would have been due to the industry of research exercised by the present writer, had it been in pursuit of some useful and necessary object, it is grievous to see It wasted in such complete misapplication. Readers that want a lively exhibition of the man, reduced in a certain degree from the dimensions of the official and political character

which occupied so vast a space in Europe-an exhibition of the most palpable and personal distinctions of temper, manners, equipage, and immediate social economy-are not to expect ever to obtain any material additions or corrections to the delineation, from the life, by the Cardinal's gentleman-usher, or any thing at all approaching, in the interest of the style of representation, to the animated honest simplicity of this antique biographer. Even if a toilsome examination of old documents could make the addition of a few particulars quite as curious as any in his history, or could substitute for any part of it a more accurate or explanatory statement, the improvement would fail of its due effect in the minds of readers pre-occupied by his relation,-which all persons may be presumed to be who have any kind of curiosity about the life and character of the Cardinal. When a memoir, so considerably full and comprehensive as his, is written with an intimate personal acquaintance, with an evident principle of veracity, with a deep interest in the subject, and yet but a moderate degree of prejudice in its favour, and in a natural, feeling, and vigorous style; it takes possession of the public mind, and fixes in the imagination a picture with which we are satisfied, and to which we become so partial that we never suffer it to be replaced by any other, and are fully as much disturbed as pleased by any attempt to modify, under the name of correcting or finishing, any of its features or accessory circumstances. And such a representation acquires a still more decided and invincible establishment in the public mind, if it is corroborated by our most favourite national poetry, if it associates in the mind, by a conformity of fact and some congeniality in pathos and antique expression, with the delineations of Shakspeare. If it should happen that a man's historical researches have really furnished him with information, which he thinks would greatly augment the value of such a memoir, either by enlargement or rectification, he will naturally be unwilling to forego the credit of displaying what he knows; and it may be very well for him to bring out his acquisitions in some such form as notes or appendix to the established work; in which form they will be received with gratitude by the few accurate inquirers into history, and will be tolerated, in the way of being overlooked, by the mass of readers. But as for writing all over again the life of Wolsey for the general benefit of the readers of Cavendish,-no task or penance in literature could be more thankless.

And then as to his political history: his despotic government, for a season, of England and its proud monarch, his bold investigations and judicature of the church, his negotia-

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tions and influence with the great continental states, his intrigues for the papacy, and the causes of his fall,—all these are among the conspicuous and familiar matters of the history of England and Europe during that period. They do not require to be placed in any other, and can hardly be placed in any clearer light, than that in which they have now been beheld a far longer time than any of us has lived. But whether they were meant to be placed in another light, or only more prominently brought out in the same, it could not be effected. with a due regard to the relations and proportions of things, on any easier terms than those of writing a good portion of an age of the general history of Christendom. A political history of the Cardinal, attempted to be exhibited exclusively of this large and complicated system of interests and transactions. would be but like a crevice that should admit us to see a part of the construction and action of one of the chief wheels in a vast machine; or like some of the bare ribs of the wreck of a ship. His history must be a comprehensive view of the politics of Europe; and if that view is to be the same as that which is familiar to us in our established histories, it comes quite unnecessarily; if very materially different, it comes quite too late.

Undoubtedly, we may conceive the possible existence of a human mind, that, surveying the age of Wolsey, should form, in the united capacities of philosopher and Christian, a more comprehensive and simplified, a more luminous and instructive estimate of those times, and of Wolsey and the other great actors, than has ever yet been displayed. We know not, however, whether those times more need or deserve the illustrations which such a profound and sanctified intelligence could give to any times, than several other periods of history: but at any rate, the present author is not the man. We must make small account indeed of the religious good sense, or the statesman-like knowingness, or the philosophical acuteness and comprehension, which have been expended on the character and the period, if the public are to be congratulated on receiving a new historical examen, from a writer who is very apt to mistake, sometimes, a certain conceited singularity, and sometimes elaborate common-place, for philosophical remark and generalization; who has much yet to learn, we think, in the art of giving prominence and congruity to the delineation of a great character, or compactness to a multifarious history; who carries himself, nevertheless, with an air of the utmost selfsufficiency; who shews some signs which are not to be interpreted according to customary rules, if they do not betoken an irreligious disposition; who is, however, willing to make amends for any imputable levity of feeling or defect of faith in religion, by a perfectly grave endeavour to restore to their deservedly high place in public estimation the precious sciences of astrology and alchemy; who, finally, with the same rectitude of judgement and efficacy of means, aspires to transmute into moral gold, into an image as splendid and as lofty as that on the plain of Dura, that huge, worthless unsightly bulk of dross, Cardinal Wolsey's character; and is apparently simple enough to expect to make us fall down and worship—without the aid of Nebuchadnezzar's famous expedient of persuasion.

This last circumstance, this whimsical attempt at canonization, is the leading peculiarity of the book. If we accept Mr. Galt's representation, the general and established opinion of Wolsey's character must be an unequalled instance of his. torical injustice, or Protestant malice. If any one is ignorant of this settled estimate, and more disposed to pay two guineas for this new book, than a triffe more for the work of Burnet, or Rapin, he may be instructed that Wolsey was not only one of the ablest, (for there can be no question or discussion about his talents,) but one of the most upright, public-spirited, and wisely munificent men that ever interfered in the management of national affairs-worthy of all the elevation he attained, and worthy that his fall, like the sudden prostration of a colossus or a tower, should have crushed all who were contributing to it or desiring it. And how is this representation made out? Is it by large disclosures of new evidence? or by denying the facts on which the prevailing judgement is founded? or by original and refined reasonings to shew that opposite inferences ought to have been drawn from those facts? No: the substantial matters of fact are, indeed inevitably, just the same in this as in former records; nor are they subjected to any laborious process of jesuitical chemistry to make them vield a different result. The business is done for the Cardinal by plain arbitrary assertions in his favour, thrown in here and there throughout the narration, and by a general gilding or varnish of laudatory epithets.

To be sure nothing can be more dull, than prosing and invective on the vanity of ambition, the folly of depending on the favour of monarchs, and the vices and errors of prosperous men. And if Mr. Galt had, amidst his perverseness, betrayed something of the vigour, the originality, the ingenuity of some of the noted lovers of paradox, the Rousseaus and the Warburtons, we might have been amused, while yet regreting so unprofitable an employment of talents, to see one more wayward freak of genius, (rash however beyond all preceding example,) in the attempt to transform so notorious, so firmly

and minutely delineated a character of history as Wolsey. But such a wantonness of genius must have attempted its object partly at least in the way of invalidating records, or extorting from them a different testimony from what they have been usually understood to give, or qualifying their evidence into doubtfulness and confusion. As Mr. Galt has forborne such an operation, and, accepting the facts as told by former historians, has consented to repeat the story in a way which proves the profligacy of his hero, it is surely a strangely foolish and ill supported whim, to bedizen, with the terms appropriate to excellence, a character confessedly formed from such materials. Wolsey's whole career manifests a boundless ambition as the reigning quality of his character. It wrought and raged in his mind almost to insanity; and there was no interest of earth or heaven, which he was not ready to sacrifice to it. Now if Mr. Galt could not coincide with the oracles of religion, and with the maxims of the higher schools of moral philosophy, in reprobating, for a leading principle of action, a passion which is essentially a gross and direct mode of selfishness, and is sure to become by indulgence furiously insatiable, and to drive its slave towards all manner of iniquity, with the unremitting activity of a possessing demon; and if he could not bring himself to pronounce an emphatical sentence of condemnation on the Cardinal for surrendering himself to be actuated by this evil spirit,—though this sentence is pronounced even by historians not pretending to any high refinements of religious and moral principle; if Mr. Galt could not do this, he might at least have forborne any thing like applause. He might simply have acknowledged the unquestioned fact of the Cardinal's being immensely ambitious, and let alone the sentence on its merits. But no: our author is too independent and bold for that. He will directly declare in favour of ambition as a noble principle of action. He acknowledges, indeed, that it will not sanctify all means that may be employed for the gratification of the passion; but the general strain of his language assumes that the Cardinal was clear on this ground. The monstrous excess of the Cardinal's vanity and ostentation, his childish passion for parade and tinsel, while their exhibitions are passing before the biographer, seem rather to have on him that imposing effect which was felt by the humble gazers at his Eminence's pageantry, than to excite either his contempt or his compassion. Even the wretched impolicy, so like fatuity, of Wolsey's systematically haughty treatment of the English nobility, appears very little to qualify Mr. Gale's admiration of his wisdom. Nor is he reproved for his want of discernment in expecting that a foreigner, an Englishman, of VOL. IX.

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low origin, of arrogant temper, and unlimited ambition, could ascend the papal throne, with all the Italian, the Spanish, the French, and the Imperial churchmen and potentates looking complacently at the feat. The vigour and severity of the ecclesiastical part of his administration, are celebrated in a style as if it were impossible any meaner sentiment than abhorrence of clerical corruption could be concerned, in an inquisition which brought him an ample revenue of fines, compositions, His own gross immorality is treated as or confiscations. gently as if he had shewn his biographer his cards of indulgence. duly signed and paid for, and convinced him of their validity. There is no censure, that we recollect, of the Cardinal's faithful remembrance of all personal offences till the proper moment for effectually repaying them. Few of the commonplaces, which are not sparingly administered, are wasted in doing justice to that integrity of the minister, which even Cavendish, with all his kind and regretful partiality, has yet described in the remarkable sentence, 'Readiest in all the council to ad-' vance the king's only will and pleasure, having no respect to the 'cause.' Though Mr. Galt has words of very little indulgence for what he holds contemptible in character, they are not forthcoming at the deplorable meanness of the humiliation by which Wolsey, when he found himself falling, endeavoured to propitiate the offended and unfeeling tyrant. Nor is any drawback made from the ample tribute paid to his zeal for the promotion of knowledge, his 'vast and prospective comprehension,' and the 'foreseeing faculties of his genius,' on account of his last message of advice to Henry, uttered in the very hour of death, exhorting the king to exercise his vigilance and power against the commencing efforts towards a re? formation in England. As to his habitual neglect and violation of religion, regarded as a concern distinct from all ecclesias. tical institutions and ceremonies, a direct concern between the human spirit and its Creator, we are really become so accustomed to the utter inattention to any such matter as this in modern historians, that Mr. Galt's taking no serious cognizance of it, even in the life of an ecclesiastic, notwithstanding he did himself make a melancholy and most memorable reference to it near his end, almost fails to strike us as a defect in the work. And indeed the subject is quite as well let alone by writers who have no impression of its importance, and do not even care to understand it. It is enough for the present author to observe, after reciting the Cardinal's well known expression, 'Had I served God as diligently as I have done the king, he would not have given me over in my gray hairs'This sentiment seems to be common to fallen ministers. When Samrah, the governor of Bussorah, was deposed by Maoujah, the sixth Caliph, he is reported to have said, "If I had served God as well as I served him, he would not have condemned me;" and Antonio Perez, the favourite of Philip II. of Spain, made a similar complaint." p. 264.

Yet, as matter of some little curiosity, it might, perhaps, have been wished by some readers, that the author had gone a sentence or two further, to signify whether he considered this famous sentiment as merely a thing prettily, pensively, and poetically in character, for a great fallen actor, or as a perfectly rational conviction and alarm in the view of truths and facts inexpressibly awful.

The concluding summary of Wolsey's character may be

taken as a very illustrative specimen of the work.

If it be true that no man by less effort ever attained so much dignity as cardinal Wolsey, few have been thrown down from so great a height, under the imputation of smaller crimes. He was undoubtedly a character of the most splendid class. Haughty, ambitious, masterly, and magnificent, he felt himself formed for superiority; and his conduct, if not always judicious, was uniformly great. His exterior was dignified, his demeanour courtly, his discernment rapid, his eloquence commanding, and his comprehension vast and prospective. The number, variety, and magnitude, of his public trusts, in all of which he was eminently distinguished, are proofs of the elastic powers of his mind, and the versatility of his talents for business. His avidity to amass wealth was contrasted with an expenditure so generous, that it lost the name of avarice, and deserved to be dignified with that of ambition. His ostentation was so richly blended with munificence and hospitality, that it ought rather to be ascribed to the love of distinction than to vanity; and his pride was so nearly allied to honour and justice, that it seemed to be essential to his accomplishments as a statesman. All his undertakings showed the combining and foreseeing qualities of his genius. The league of London was the grand fundamental charter, by which the European nations recovered their independence from the pope; and the change in the alliance of England after the battle of Pavia, was one of those rare and bold measures which may divide the opinion of the world as to their The principle of that wisdom, but must command its admiration. change, having its foundation in the league of London, was to preserve the equilibrium of Europe; an I if consistency be essential to character, and character be strength as applied to nations, the dignity of England was obviously more advanced by adhering to her principles, than her power would have been augmented by continuing the partnership of war with Charles. The cardinal's system for the reformation of the clergy, though defective in philosophy, was singularly liberal in policy; for statesmen are often by official necessity, rather the protectors than the enemies of corruption. It is true that he did not calculate on all that flood of consequences which may be traced to his measures, but it would not have arisen from undertakings more partial. Therefore, whether estimated by his natural endowments, his fortune, or his designs, Wolsey may be considered as one of those great occasional men, who, at distant intervals, suddenly appear, surprising the world by their movements and their splendour; and who, having agitated and altered the regular frame of society by their influence, are commemorated as the epochal characters of history. p. 267.

There will not be a more proper place for introducing the shorter character of one of the Cardinal's distinguished contemporaries.

Few men have attained so much fame by so little effort as Pope Leo X. His station, equanimity, and affable demeanour would, without talent, have secured him the admiration of mankind; yet his mental endowments were such as, without the factitious aids of rank and manner, might have ensured the respect of the wise, and esteem of the virtuous. But indolence overgrew his nobler faculties, and induced such a poverty of moral honour, that he died an object of pity to the good, and of contempt to the libertine. His private life was disgraced by sensual vice; but the incense of poetical adulation has veiled it in delightful obscurity. His public conduct was stained with crimes; but they have lost their hideousness by the elegance with which they have been recorded. His reign is glorious to Italy, and memorable to the world; but the halo of immortality that surrounds his name, was formed by the genius of others; and the obligations of posterity are owing to the errors of his government. It was his destiny, however, to appear at an important epoch, and he will always be regarded as the auspicious harbinger of the great intellectual day.' p. 65.

It may well be believed that these are among the most elaborate passages; and though they do contain a very few lines which a critic would not challenge as unlicensed and intrusive in the page of an approved writer, it may surely be put with confidence to the opinion of any reader of disciplined and moral taste, whether any good is to be expected when such a writer undertakes to reform history and biography. We hope it may suffice to have made the experiment on the life of Wolsey; and that the conviction may be admitted, with due and practical effect, that no other part of our history has, hitherto, been written with such a dazzling and painful excess of excellence, as to need obscuring, like Prince Arthur's shield, with a coarse covering, or as to render it necessary for us to receive its light by reflection from a composition of bad morality, fantastic unreal distinctions, artificial imagery, and affected phraseology.

We should not much mend the matter by quoting paragraphs of set philosophical observation. For example:

It is the peculiar quality of legitimate ambition to urge its subjects to make themselves illustrious by beneficial actions. The love of distinction alone is but a perishable vanity, and without the ennobling energy of

benevolence, the passion of adding kingdoms to kingdoms is only avarice, and the achievements of conquerors are but crimes. The reputation of statesmen is never venerated, unless connected with institutions of perennial utility. Nor is success always the criterion of merit; for sometimes the motives, as seen in the means of enterprize, so unequivocally indicate honourable intentions, that fame follows even failure and defeat. In the biography, therefore, of eminent men, it is proper to keep in view the peculiar qualities of their ambition, in order to determine whether they are entitled to the respect of posterity, or ought to be classed with those ephemeral characters, who are only solicitous of ephemeral distinction.

Again:

The disregard of pecuniary concerns is sometimes an infirmity, but oftener one of the many affectations of genius. But contempt for trifles is very different from the anxious particularity of avarice, and the negligence that entails privations. No man can be dishonoured by the strict administration of his personal affairs, but the neglect of them is both shameful and injurious. The plea of public employment should not screen him from the imputation of private delinquency.² p. 55.

him from the imputation of private delinquency. p. 55.

The turpitude of crimes depends on the state of the public feelings when they happen to be committed. The amount of wrong does not constitue the degree of the guilt of evil actions; but the result of the estimate which society makes of the probable issue of tolerating such actions. The hideousness of guilt consists in its consequences, as Sin is made horrible by the voluminous and loathsome length of her extremities. p. 88.

Sovereigns are not bound by the predilections of men; but it is an essential part of their duty to ennoble the topics of human admiration by the grandeur of their generosity.' p. 128.

We need not say we do not mean to represent the book before us as of no value whatever. That cannot fairly be said of any historical composition which relates, with reasonable correctness, the same curious or important facts that have been related on unquestioned authority before. But each new narrator is prone to admit the deceptive notion, that the general settled kind of interest which has for ages been felt, but is now no longer vividly felt, in the well known history of remarkable national events and personages, will be reanunated into a new specific interest as soon as he shall repeat the story, Because he does not employ the identical words of former historians, the effect shall be as if those historians, and all they had said, had suddenly passed out of memory: As if a baker, by making his loaves of a peculiar shape, should expect to render bread itself, as coming from his oven, somewhat of a stimulant novelty, and to bring all the people of the district to his shop. The writer is disposed to attribute to himself at least as much power to excite curiosity and appe-

tite, as a man who should contrive to raise a plantation of bread-fruit and cabbage-trees, in a country where bread and cabbages had always before been produced in a very different way .- In the present instance, however, it should seem that even Mr. Galt, evidently an adventurer of great self-complacency and assurance, was somewhat doubtful whether, even aided by the capital novelty of the Ethiop made white, a mere history of Wolsey and his times would now be likely to obtain much favour: for he has seized all occasions of introducing extraneous matters, sometimes in a measure, and sometimes not at all, related to the business of the narration. We are favoured, for instance, with a picture of the state of society in the times immediately subsequent to Charlemagne—the story of Peter the Hermit-details of the feudal systemdescriptions of the state of Ireland-but, above all, with delectable glimpses of the occult sciences. The grave introduction of this last topic was really a magnanimous venture There would be some chance for a book which should make it probable, at last, that he is, potentially, the richest man who happens, by purchase or theft, to be owner of the largest quantity of lead; that the time may not be far off, when it will be requisite to appoint a strong nightly guard to prevent the taking up of our water pipes, and the plundering of the roofs of churches and aristocratic mansions, for a substance which would raise the petty thief into a Nabob; that the plumbs in our clocks may pass into the form of gold watches; that even the weights on the counters of a huckster's shop may make at least temporary gentlefolks of the occupiers; and that governments will have the option of making the national lead into bullets to shoot the enemy, or into guineas to pay off their debt and discharge the people from taxes. The only difficulty unprovided for, seems to be that of keeping up the present value and commercial power of gold, when a sprinkling of the 'powder of projection,' the amount of a pinch of snuff, shall be competent any time to turn the pig into ingots. But perhaps this difficulty will be obviated by means of the other grand branch of occult science, by which the stars are to be constituted a Privy Council.—Seriously, we would not be understood to say that Mr. Galt is positive we shall, one of these days, acquire the power of making gold; but he really seems to think it not unlikely; and gravely and circumstantially repeats a number of the most foolish stories that ever sported with ignorant credulity. As to the influence of the stars on human characters and events, and the possibility of detecting their dispositions and designs respecting us, he seems to have no doubt.

The book relates and describes, with a considerable degree of spirit, many of the striking events and exhibitions of Wolsey's times. We shall give a favourable specimen of the work, by concluding our article with a few extracts from these entertaining parts. They are pictures of subjects familiar of course to many of our readers; but, with due intervals, the imagination is always willing to look at them again.

The opportunity was quite fairly taken of describing the

effects of the famous sweating sickness.

The kingdom, particularly London, had been often visited by this most destructive pestilence; a disease which was deemed peculiar to the English climate, but which has since been happily eradicated. The infected died within three hours after the first symptoms; and no cure could be found. The administration of Justice was suspended during its continuance, and the court removed from place to place with precipitation and fear. Half the people in some parts of the country were swept away, and the principal trade practised was in coffins and shrouds; but even that, in the progress of the plague, was generally abandoned. At London, vast sepulchral pits were prepared every morning, into which the victims were thrown promiscuously. The only sounds in the city during the day were the doleful monotony of unceasing knells, and the lamentations of the tainted deserted by their friends, crying from the windows to the passengers to pray for them. The door of almost every house was marked with a red cross, the sign that the destroying angel had been there; and all night, as the loaded wheels of the death-waggons rolled heavily along, a continual cry was heard of 'bring out your dead.'-To discover a remedy, or some mode of averting the recurrence of this terrible calamity, the king, at the suggestion of Dr. Linacre, was induced to establish the College of Physicians.' p. 200.

The following description of a campaign of the noted Earl of Surrey, the favourite of earlier and later Muses, may serve that hero, if we may borrow one of Mr. G.'s metaphors, for a

' halo of immortality.'

The Earl of Surrey had been ordered from the fleet, and sent to command the troops on the borders of Scotland. The records of his operations present an awful picture of that unsparing desolation which so long spread a lonely barrier of heaths and moors, between the habitable tracks of the sister kingdoms. During the summer, he ravaged all the Merse and the dale of Tweed, leaving neither castle, village, tree, cattle or corn. The inhabitants abandoned the country to the marauders. Some fled into England in the most calamitous state of distress. The bread which they craved, instead of repairing their strength, was devoured with such rapacious hunger, that it only hastened their death. Among other places that suffered severely, Jedburgh, then much larger than Berwick, was taken, and the fortifications thrown down. On the night of the sack, a party of the English horses, lying in or without the camp, were seized with some unaccountable panic, and ran about in all directions. The sol-

diers started to arms. The flames of the burning town threw a wild and troubled light on the tumult. The imaginations of the men were filled with superstitious fears; and Surrey, in giving an account of the affair to Wolsey, says, that seven times that night spirits and terrible sights were visible.' p. 117.

We do not stop to point out an apparent inconsistency in this striking description; but revert to an earlier part of the volume for one of very opposite effect, that of the entrance into London of Cardinal Campeggio, the Pope's legate.

- he landed in England. As his retinue was mean, and himself not opulent, Wolsey sent him twelve mules, and a quantity of scarlet cloth, in order that the pomp of his entrance into the metropolis might, in some degree, correspond with the importance attached to his mission. tional few may ridicule the artifices of ostentation; but the numerous commonalty cannot, easily, conceive that opulence does not possess an intrinsic moral value; nor how things, on which their superiors in knowledge bestow so much attention, may not deserve respect. In every town through which Campeggio passed, he was greeted with great veneration. On Blackheath he was met by a train of prelates, nobles, and gentlemen. The clergy of London received him in the borough, with all their processional paraphernalia. The livery of London lined the streets the lord mayor and aldermen humbled themselves before him; and Sir Thomas More, in the name of the city, welcomed his arrival in a Latin oration, Such expressions of devotion to the pontifical government afforded Campeggio the highest delight. But unfortunately, as the procession passed through Cheapside, a mule became restive, and threw the whole pageantry into confusion. The trunks and coffers which had been covered with the scarlet gift of Wolsey, and which the people piously imagined were filled with precious presents to the king, and pardons and indulgences for all their own sins, were thrown down, and bursting open in the fall, discovered a ludicrous collection of the crumbs and scraps of beggary. This unes pected disclosure of ecclesiastical imposition, turned the whole triumph of the day into contempt; and Campeggio, as he proceeded towards the palace, was a mortified object of scorn and derision.' p. 47.

We meant to extract some of the descriptions of the Cardinal's magnificence and ostentation; but we have room for only the following short estimate of his style of writing, (which we think substantially, though very favourably, just) and the very true account of his notions of the 'Church of Christ.'

The length and fulness of his public dispatches, and the variety of circumstances which he comprehends within the scope of his topics, entitle them to be regarded, in many instances, as dissertations on the events and proceedings of the time. His style, at once powerful, circumstantial, and diffuse, conveys so ample an exposition of his meaning, that he never fails to fill the mind of the reader with a complete conception of what he aims to produce. His sentences are sometimes involved, and often indefinite; but he pours forth such an amazing breadth of explanation, that the general effect is irresistible. In this respect the character of his

country; though the main current be clear impetuous and strong; the bounds and banks are shoaly, sedgy, unequal, irregular, and undefined.

The church was a government of opinion; and the cardinal saw that the clergy would be compelled to resign their influence over the affairs of mankind unless they could recover that relative superiority of knowledge, by which, in ruder times they had acquired the ascendancy. What stood, in his mind, as the church of Christ, was the pre-eminency of the priest-hood. In the consequences of the Lutheran opinions he did not affect to value the precepts, but only the damage and detriment that might ensue to the papal power and dignity, were the priests to declare themselves independent of each other, and consequently dissolve that mighty confederacy which had so long ruled and enjoyed the world. His system of ecclesiastical reformation is, therefore, less remarkable for its effects on the progress of knowledge, than on account of its objects. The aim of his designs was, to obtain for the priesthood, generally, the same kind of influence which the institutes of Loyala, afterwards, so wonderfully ministered to procure for the famous society of Jesuits. p. 186.

About half the contents of the volume consists of a collection of papers, chiefly on affairs of state, by Wolsey and some of his contemporaries. There is much merit in the industry that routed them out amidst some of the great repositories; and they may be deemed of some moderate value, as a little illustrative of the history of that time.

Art. V.—Of England.—By M. Rubichon. 8vo. pp. 400. price 7s.
Booker, New Bond.street, 1812.

THERE is scarcely any fallacy more gross in speculation, any error more fatal in practice, than an undue attachment to abstract principles in politics, in preference to the stern reasonings and decisive actions forced upon us by the peculiar character and exigencies of events. The most opposite opinions have been assumed as undeniable axioms; and having been alike supported by an appeal to the undoubted experience of ages, have had each their day, and are now equally forgotten. It is, indeed, by comparison of the past with the present, that we acquire the faculty of judging and of acting rightly: but the statesman who, on every emergency, instead of taking in at one glance the actual combinations and probable event of things, runs to his port-folio and hunts for precedents and apophthegms, will find himself perpetually surrounded by anomalies, and involved in endless and inextricable perplexities. Burke, perhaps the largest minded politician that ever lived, has long since instructed us to look for the real

state of things, less to the "swaggering major," than to the modest "minor of circumstances." M. Rubichon comes forward in his turn to enlighten us, and deals out his state pills, plasters, and apozems, at once with the quaint antics of the most dislocated jack-pudding, and the pompous strut of the veriest quack.

The intention of this work,' quoth M. R. 'is to expound the assertion contained in the following sentence. The society, that enjoys the greatest freedom, is that in which each of its members obtains the greatest means of displaying the strength which Providence has granted to him, and thus to approach the nearest to the Deity, since he was created in HER image.'

"Oracular as the Delphic God!"—but in justice to this very intelligible politician, let us hear his commentary. This freedom, this vigour, and this assimilation to the Deity, he imagines will be obtained by the following 'compound, of three ingredients,' each, we confess, to our taste equally unpalatable: a sovereign, irresponsible and despotic; an aristocracy jealous of the monarch, and able to array its tenantry against him; and in the people a strange species of 'moral strength,' to be extracted from 'the Catholic institutions of ecclesiastical This admirable system is simple and coherent celibacy.' enough; for it amounts merely to this, that the liberties of mankind will be best promoted and preserved, by kingly, aristocratical, and ecclesiastical tyranny. Of the latter, M. Rubichon seems especially fond. He never loses an opportunity of vilifying the Reformation, which, he says, ' deprived the people of the alms and the gratuitous education, that is to say of the physical and the moral good, which the Catholic religion gives and gives alone,' and compelled them to seek ' the substitutes for these resources in crimes.' (p. 211.) 'I have undertaken,' he informs us elsewhere, 'to shew that England owes the remaining liberty it enjoys, to its old institution's common to all Catholic nations; and that it owes the calamities that it has experienced, or that it yet experiences, to the institutions which, for this last age, philosophy has engrafted on its constitution.' In an equally amiable and liberal spirit, he is pleased to assert of the Dissenters, that 'their doctrine is a compound of religion, politics, and sedition; the difference of each other is only in the proportion of these three ingredients. (p. 13.) In a subsequent page he goes on in the same tone.

I have only said a word of the Nonconformists: they are known, they believe that they love the people and the poor, because they detest the powerful and the rich. Till now they have made a profession of adoring liberty, because it appeared to strike at their superiors; but as soon as

they saw despotism in France strike at the great, they have taken it for their idol. It was sufficient for them that it required the sacrifice of noble blood; they brought Charles I. to the scaffold, and any of his successors, who will hold out their hands to them, will be dragged to the same place.

If the following passage do not amount to a recommendation of something more than 'sedition,' we profess ourselves unable to comprehend its drift.

Since the Union, the Protestant interest of Ireland, immersed in the English Aristocracy, has left to the Catholic Aristocracy an opportunity to lay hold of all influence in that kingdom; let them profit by it. The interesting people of Ireland could defy in happiness and glory the whole of Europe, if their chiefs, fixed on that faithful land, would use their utmost efforts to bring their ancient institutions to their ancient vigour, or transplant to their own soil those which they have lost on the Continent.

But there is no end to the absurdities of this conceited and superficial pamphleteer. He tells us that the English, having nearly 'lost the capacity of writing, write but little, and have few readers.' He condescends to 'make that severe but true assertion, that though England is the country of Europe where the least quantity of words are uttered, it is that where the greatest quantity of nonsense is spoken.' We had hitherto thought that the French had claimed the exclusive privilege for this last species of oratory, and M. Rubichon has convinced us that, as far at least as he is concerned, they have not relinquished it. He affirms, moreover, that ' England never produced a single classic writer on the art of government;' that the fundamental ideas of liberty which Englishmen entertain, are radically false.' He assures us, to our great edification, that the excellence of Mr. Burke's 'last works, compensates for 'the mediocrity of his former ones.' His chapter 'on the administration of justice' is a systematic perversion and distortion of facts, in order to prove his favourite point, that the institutions of Great Britain are in a deteriorated state. And at the very mention of the trial by jury our mountebank is outrageous, his antics redouble, and he sums . up with a transcendent caper of delight at the ease with which he has demolished this monster of equivocal generation.

We shall here close our notice of this very absurd book. A formal caution against it would be thrown away. Our readers can be in no danger of purchasing a libel on England and Protestantism, written by a Frenchman, with more than a Frenchmans nationality, and a papist, with more than a papists him to be a papist of the state of

pists bigotry.

Art. VI. Poems. By Caroline Symmons, and Charles Symmons, DD. Author of the Life of Milton. Svo. pp. 412. Price 12s. Johnson and Co. 1812.

THIS volume is the joint production of a father and daughter: and of all the efforts of premature excellence that have lately been brought before the public, we have met with none so wonderful as those of Caroline Symmons. She died, it appears, when but little more than fourteen years of age; and many of the short pieces printed in this volume, were

produced at the age of ten.

Of this interesting child we could have wished that Mr. Wrangham's memoir had been more full and minute. It only enables us to tell our readers, that she was born April 12, 1789; that, 'from her infancy, she discovered indications of extraordinary powers of intellect'; that, 'at a period of life, in which grace and beauty are seldom so much disclosed, as to interest any eyes, except those of the relative or the friend, she was strikingly endowed with both;' that among the poets, 'Spenser and young Milton were her prime favourites;' that in February, 1803, 'a cough, accompanied with fever, had reduced her to the lowest state of weakness, without however in the slightest degree affecting her spirits or her temper;' and that 'on the first of June the terrible blow, which had been so long suspended, fell; and her gentle spirit returned to God that gave it.'

The two following poems, both written in her eleventh year, seem almost prrophetic of her own melancholy fate. The last we have already quoted in the first volume of this Journal, (page 464,*) but we make no apology for the repetition.

· Zelida and the faded Rosebush, which grew near her Tomb.

The Sister speaks.

'I gaz'd on the rosebush, and heav'd a sad sigh, And my eyelid was gemm'd with a tear; Oh! let me, I cried, by my Zelida lie, For all that I value sleeps here.

Her sweetness, simplicity, virtue, and charms, Could with nought but a seraph's compare. Ah! now, since my Zelida's torn from my arms,

There is nothing I love but despair.

This rosebush once flourish'd and sweeten'd the air, Like it's blossom, all lovely, she grew;

The scent of her breath, as it's fragrance, was fare, And her cheeks were more fresh than its hue.

^{*} Art-Wrangham's Raising of Jairus' Daughter.

She planted, she lov'd it, she dew'd its gay head, And its bloom every rival defied;

But, alas! what was beauty or virtue soon fled-In spring they both blossom'd and died.

And now for my bosom this life has no charms,
I feel all it's troubles and care:
For since my dear Zelida's rent from my arms,
There is nothing I love but despair.' pp. 37—38.

Sonnet. On a blighted Rose-bud.

Scarce had thy velvet lips imbibed the dew,
And nature hailed thee, infant queen of May;
Scarce saw the opening bloom the sun's broad ray;
And to the air its tender fragrance threw;

When the north-wind enamoured of thee grew,
And by his cold rude kiss thy charms decay.
Now drops thy head, now fades thy blushing hue;
No more the queen of flowers, no longer gay.

So blooms a maid, her guardians' health and joy,
Her mind array'd in innocency's vest;
When suddenly, impatient to destroy,
Death clasps the virgin to his iron breast.
She fades: the parent, sister, friend deplore,
The charms and budding virtues, now no more.!' p. 40.

In our Review of Mr. Wrangham's Poem, will also be found 'The Flower-girl's Cry.' We add the 'Invocation to Memory.'

'Hail, Memory! celestial maid,
Who lovest with solitude to dwell
Under the mountain's ragged shade,
Retir'd within thy pensive cell.

O thou, my mingled joy and woe,
Sweet source of every bursting sigh!
Who bidd'st these silent sorrows flow,
Hail! heaven-born, soothing Memory!

The sky is clad in tenderest blue;
And zephyr spreads his balmy wing;
The bending floweret weeps with dew;
The bird's soft song salutes the spring.

Yet far retir'd from this gay scene,
From solitude and thee I seek
My friend's soft sigh, her smile serene,
Her speaking eye, her moistened cheek.

Come then! and soothe my labouring heart
Come awful power, and sweetest maid;

O haste! my Lucia's smile impart,
And leave the mountains ragged shade.' pp. 41, 45.

Dr. Symmons's part of the volume is of so very miscellaneous a description, that we do not think ourselves bound to mention every individual piece. We pass, therefore, song and sonnet; we pass a grand ode, called Genius, in the bravura style of modern Pindars; we pass, too, several copies of verses, recited at the anniversary of the Literary Fund Society, full of the praises of poetry and the Prince of Wales; and stop, at length, full before a version of the fourth Æneis.

We have compared Dr. S. with both Pitt and Dryden—and we think him on the whole superior to both. Dryden, careless, unequal, unselected, gross, was but ill-qualified for the representative of the most delicate, exact, and majestic poet that ever wrote—the 'master of propriety'. The exquisite felicity of Virgil's diction he has paid but little attention to. Dr. S. has laboured his language with great diligence and great success.—The storm is given with considerable force; the epithets are well chosen, and add to the effect. Perhaps, however there is too much appearance of art in it.

Meanwhile with vollied storm the heavens are rent, And rain and hail rush down with fierce descent. The mountains pour their torrents on the vales, And a brown deluge o'er the scene prevails. The mingled crowd disperse: Ascanius flies: Each seeks a refuge from the wrathful skies. To the same cavern's dark protection came The Trojan leader, and the Tyrian dame. Earth first, and conscious Juno gave the sign: Through the dull gloom disastrous flashes shine: Groans the struck air, as prescient of the event; And the hills how with strains of deep lament. From that black day, their source, dire ills proceed; And woes and death hang lowering on its deed. Now pride and matron honour feeble prove To check the queen who glories in her love. Calls it a spousal, and with wedlock's name, Hallows the pleasure, and udorns the shame.

pp. 164, 5.

Dryden wrote first:

But call'd it marriage, with that specious name To veil the crime, and sanctify the shame.'

Then Pitt:

Her passion stands avow'd; and wedlock's name

Adorns the crime, and sanctifies the shame.

Why is this? Virgil says simply,

· Conjugium vocat; hoc prætexit nomine culpani.

The following speech of Dido's is very spirited.

She, e'er he finish'd, with averted view, Now here, now there, her fiery glances threw; Then fix'd, she eyed him o'er with stern survey; At length the gather'd passion bursts its way.

"Traitor! thou falsely speak'st thy race divine, Sprung from no goddess, of no hero's line! Thee Caucasus begot of stony brood! Hyrcanian tygers suckled thee with blood! For why should I dissemble? Why prolong The courtesy of speech for greater wrong? Touch'd with my love, did once his eyes incline? Heav'd he one sigh, or dropped one tear with mine? Of which dire ill shall I complain the first? Which wrong upbraid, as sharpest and the worst? My wrongs-now, now injustice reigns above, Great Juno heeds not, or Saturnian Jove. Nowhere is faith !-Wreck'd, indigent, undone! The man I raised-placed, madly, on my throne, Drew to my ports his fleet dispersed and lost, Rescued from death his famine-smitten host? But now-ah me! the furies fire my brain. Now speaks Apollo-now the Lycian fane! Now Jove's own herald, through the aerial way, Bears the great Father's orders-to betray ! Such cares, for sooth, the realms above infest; And break the tenor of celestial rest! Go! I detain thee not,—thy pleas are good! Go! and through storms be Italy pursued! Go! o'er the billows seek thy promis'd realm! But oh! may storms disperse, and billows whelm! May'st thou on rocks, if any righteous power Vouchsafe to hear me, meet thy fatal hour! There may'et thou often call, in penal pain, On Dido's name!—nor shall thou call in vain. Wrapp'd in black fires, my spirit shall be there, To drink thy groans and mock at thy despair. Yes! wretch! when death has burst my mortal tie. In all thy walks my spectre shall be nigh. Much shalt thou feel; and in the world of night Thy rumour'd woes shall give my shade delight.' pp. 179-181.

We subjoin the version of Dryden, in our opinion, decidedly inferior.

6 Thus while he spake, already she began,

With sparkling eyes, to view the guilty man;

From head to foot survey'd his person o'er,

Nor longer these outrageous threats forbore:

False as thou art, and more than false, forsworn,
Not sprung from noble blood, nor goddess-born,

- But hewn from harden'd entrails of a rock.
- 6 And rough Hyrcanian tygers gave thee suck.
- Why should I fawn? what have I worse to fear?
- Did he once look, or lent a listening ear?
- ' Sigh'd when I sobb'd, or shed one kindly tear?
- 4 All symptoms of a base ungrateful mind,
- So foul, that which is worse, 'tis hard to find.
- 6 Of man's injustice why should I complain ?
- The gods and Jove himself behold in vain
- 4 Triumphant treason : yet no thunder flies ;
- Nor Juno views my wrongs with equal eyes;
- Faithless is earth, and faithless are the skies.
- " Justice is fled, and truth is now no more;
- I saved the shipwreck'd exile on my shore;
- With needful food the hungry Trojans fed;
- I took the traitor to my throne and bed;
- Fool that I was! 'tis little to repeat
- "The rest, I stored and rigg'd his rain'd fleet.
- I rave, I rave! A gods command, he pleads,
- And makes heaven accessory to his deeds.
- Now Lycian lots, and now the Delian god,
- Now Hermes is employ'd from Jove's abode,
- To warn him hence; as if the peaceful state
- 6 Of heavenly powers were touch'd with human fate.
- But go; thy flight no longer I detain;
- Go, seek thy promis'd kingdom through the main
- "Yet if the heavens will hear my pious vow,
- "The faithless waves, not half so false as thou,
- On secret sands, shall sepulchres afford
- " To thy proud vessels, and their perjur'd lord.
- Then shalt thou call on injur'd Dido's name:
- · Dido shall come in a black sulphury flame;
- When death hath once dissolved her mortal frame :
- " Shall smile to see the traitor vainly weep;
- Her angry ghost, arising from the deep,
- Shall haunt thee waking, and disturb thy sleep.
- As least my shade thy punishment shall know,
- " And fame shall spread the pleasing news below."

There is great solemnity in the following lines:

Within the space her ample courts include,
Rais'd to her former love, a temple stood:
Whose walls she dress'd, in fond devotion's hours,
With snowy fleeces and with festal flowers.
Here now, when earth repos'd in night's embrace,
Small thrilling accents whisper'd through the place.
The dead are there; and, prescient of her doom,
Her husband's voice invites her to his tomb:
And lonely on the roof night's bird prolongs
The notes of woe, and shrieks funereal songs.

Predictions, too, from ancient prophets brought,
Strike with dread warning on her startled thought.
In dreams, now fierce Æneas, wrapped in gloom,
Impels her phrensy and provokes her doom:
Now, solitary, wandering, weary, slow,
She seems o'er long, and trackless wastes to go;
To seek, abandon'd, and a queen no more,
Her Tyrian comrades on a desert shore.' pp. 186—187.

We shall only add the death of the queen.

The expiring queen essays to lift, with pain,
Her heavy lids, but soon they fall again.
Deep in her bosom stream'd the inflicted wound,
And the torn vessels yield a bubbling sound;
Thrice on her elbow rais'd she heaves her head;
And, fainting, thrice relapses on the bed;
With wandering vision strives to gain the light;
Finds it at length, and sighs, and loaths the sight.' p. 204.

We have said that Mr. S.'s diction is elaborate and exquisite: we must add that it is not unfrequently affected. Virgil does not sanction such expressions as these:

" He poured, with hands supine and suppliant air, The fiery torrent of his soul in prayer.' p. 167.

Go! fig, my son! invoke the winds to bear Thy fleetest pinion through the deeps of air:
Add all thy soul, and shoot upon the wing.' p. 168.

Snows veil his shoulders; from his chin descends The rush of floods.' p. 170.

In the translation, too, words are frequently introduced at the end of lines, for the necessary purpose of rhyming.

'Then great Æness joins the train, confest In manly beauty bright above the rest.' p. 163.

Long with herself she weighs the time and means; Then with pretended hope her brow serenes.' p. 187.

Wake! rouse, my men! be vigilant! extend The strenuous oar, and all your canvas bend! p. 196.

And, like the bird that hovers round the shores, Just skims the billows, and the rocks explores.' p. 170.

Explores! why Virgil is describing the haste of Mercury, and why, in the name of common sense, should he stop to explore the rocks?

The last thing in the volume is a tragedy called Inez. He who writes a tragedy will seldom be unwilling to have his poetical fame rested upon it: we shall therefore be excused for spending a little more of our time upon this production.

It is the business of the tragedian to fasten our curiosity upon some action, and interest our feelings for some charac-Vol. IX. ters. To do this, the action and the characters should be such as we have some acquaintance with. He who plunges inconceivable beings into impossible circumstances rouzes no curiosity, and excites no interest. The troubles and sorrows and infirmities that affect us, must be those of beings like ourselves. Not that the poet is to be content with the imitation of nature, - or that circumstances taken warm from real life, and personages actually existing, with fac-similes of their sentiments and speeches, would constitute the perfection of tragedy. By no means. But, as the painter, working after his own beau ideal, his idea of beauty, selects from nature her loveliest features and attitudes, to give them to a figure which in loveliness may surpass nature, and thus produces what never was and never will be seen, a monster of perfection; so the poet, at his own discretion, chuses, from history or observation, such mental qualities as may suit his purpose, and forms of them compounds the most interesting and striking. Now it would evidently be the summit of the painter's art, if, having produced a figure thus unnatural, (we mean, thus surpassing nature,) he could yet throw about it such a semblance of humanity, that the spectator might imagine it real, might listen for it's voice, and expect to see it move. And in the same manner it must be the aim of the tragic poet to cheat the reader into a belief of the reality of his own imaginary beings. Real flesh and blood that walks the street is too coarse for the reader's imagination; yet it is only for real flesh and blood that we can feel. The vulgarity and the interest, therefore, the disgust and the sympathy, operate different ways. Between them somewhere lies the maximum of excellence; where is the poet's problem-a problem, we are afraid, which will never be solved but by approximation.

There are two schools of tragedy which lean to the two op-The one is decidedly English, which, to save posite sides. probability, will venture coarseness. With the heroic personages of it's drama, common ones are always mixt, and even the heroic are frequently humbled to the level of humanity. Thus Julius Cæsar opens with the merriment of a cobler; the burial of 'the fair Ophelia' is preceded by the sage ratiocination of the grave diggers; and the most heart-breaking scenes of Lear are interlarded with the mummeries of the fool. Thus, on the other hand, Lear himself is rendered contemptible by his passions, and pitiable by his madness; Cassio fairly gets drunk before the audience; and Isabella, Marcelia, and Mariana, in Massinger, the mother, wife, and sister of a prince, descend to Billingsgate railing and downright fisticusts. So far, however, the high and mighty personages of the drama are employed in low actions, indeed, but still such as are necessary to the progress of the piece. At other times, they carry on conversations on common subjects, quite irrelevant to the business Thus, in the Tempest, the shipwrecked courtiers enter on the question, whether the modern Tunis be the ancient Carthage; the conspirators, in Julius Cæsar, quarrel about the point where the sun rises; and the French nobles, in Henry V, on the eve of a battle, on which the fate of their country depends, play a match at proverb-quoting. Now, certainly it is very easy to laugh at all this, to talk of the dignity of tragedy, of the uninterrupted course of passion, and so forth; but Shakespeare saw that if his characters were never brought down to our own level, they might be as dignified as they chose, but they could not be interesting. Where passion and poetry are wanted, who so passionate and poetical as he? But the effect of those scenes, we are fully persuaded, depends upon other scenes very insignificant. The more we know of a person, the more we feel for him; but this knowledge is gained from a survey of the familiar passages of his life, not of those parts where grief or passion annihilates almost all peculiarity of character.

They, however, who cannot bear Melpomene out of the buskin may solace themselves with the dramas of the other school. Here they will never find the scene occupied but with heroes and heroines—no plebeians—none of the canaille; or, if it be necessary that a common man or common woman should be introduced, as a messenger or confidante, they speak at least with the propriety and dignity of epic personages. Then there is no idle chit-chat on extraneous matters; all is regular and laboured declamation on the subject in hand, all grand, and figurative, and sublime; and the versification as smooth and sonorous as if the interlocutors had studied prosody under

Lindley Murray.

He who takes up Shakespeare for an idle half hour will seldom find himself disposed to lay him down, when the time of severer study arrives. He who reads Corneille, or Lee, or Young, or Thomson, will find no difficulty in shutting up the book at any assignable line, and, when the time for opening it again comes round, will perhaps hesitate between it and a

treatise of ethical philosophy.

To the declamatory school belongs the Inez of Dr. Symmons, to which it is full time that we introduce our readers. Pedro, prince of Portugal, who has formerly been attached to a lady of the name of Leonora, falls in love with, and marries, Inez, an exile of Castile. The marriage is kept, by the advice of the queen, a profound secret, for fear of provoking 3 A 2

the anger of his father Alphonso. Leonora, finding herself despised for Inez, writes her quondam lover a letter, which is taken to him by her confidant Theresa. The play opens with the return of Theresa. Observe the nature and simplicity of the beginning.

Leonora. Well, my Theresa! whom my soul holds dear Beyond the vulgar friend,—to whom she opens As to her God, her last retreat of frailty! Oh! give your story to my longing ear! Saw you the prince?

The first warm blushes of the morn had roused him. He seem'd accounted for the chace. His eyes Sparkled with lively spirit, and his steed, Scarce by the groom restrain'd, with eager neighings Challenged the promised field.' pp. 223—224.

Theresa might have run on with a description of morning, noon and night, spring, summer, autumn and winter, had not her lady cut her short with

To play with my impatience.'

The letter, it appears, was very ungallantly received, and on Theresa's saying that a Castilian stranger, who was with Pedro,

As Pedro's rashness wildly uttered Inez.'-

Leonora breaks out in a speech which is certainly very dignified.

Well might he start!—it is a fearful name!
A name that cheats the mistress of her lover!
A name that robs the father of his son!
A name that dims the splendour of the court!
A name that tears her prince from Portugal,
And throws him to Castile! ill fortune blot it!
Plagues cancel it! p. 226.

Theresa is soon sent off, and Alvaro, a lover of Leonora's drops in. He is received rather waspishly.

Ha! who art thou that steal'st on my retirement,
Thief-like, to catch the words incaution drops,
Or passion scatters? Shame on my domestics
Who thus expose their mistress to intrusion! p. 229.

She relents, however, on the promise of Alvaro that Inez shall 'fade before her,' and very conveniently goes off to make room for Coello, another courtier, in love with Inez, who comes to call Alvaro to the king. These two honest men agree to work upon Alphonso's impatience of his son's amorous bondage,

Wait on the monarch's weakness, rouse his jealousies Alarm his pride, condense the storm of passion, And pour it full on Pedro and his mistress.

Then, fall howe'er it may, it works our good. p. 246.

How this plan is to make for Coello's love we do not very clearly see; suffice it that two wily courtiers do. The king, at length, tired, we suppose, with waiting for Alvaro, comes himself to seek him. Coello is sent to bring the prince to his father—and so ends the first act. The second opens with a long love-scene between Pedro and his mistress. We have only room for two passages—certainly unpolluted with vulgarity.

More welcome than the light to him, who pines. In the dark dungeon's bosom, is your presence. To these glad eyes;—before it all my cares. Light fly, as spectres from the sovereign glance. Of the sun, mounted on his eastern throne.

I'm wholly reft:—for thou art all I own!
And vain each art to lose thy loved idea
E'en for a moment,—Hopeless still to please,
The Muse unstrings the lyre or folds the page,
And spares the unheeded strain.' pp. 257, 258,

After a time, Inez is left alone, to meditate, -when her

Form'd of the morning's more etherial essence,
Which wont to move with quick but even pace,
Now wildly flit about as from some danger,
Unnoticed by the mind's exploring eye,' p. 284.

In this meditation she is interrupted by Coello, who, after a little whining and a little blustering, summons Pedro before his father. In the third act, Alvaro is sent to inform Leonora that

The King, unwilling to unfold his counsels
In Pedro's palace, where the very walls,
With latent life devoted to their lord,
Might catch, and mar his purposes, intends
To hold his close divan beneath your roof.' pp. 301, 302.

Coello returns from Pedro in a fiery-flying rage: 'my business,' he says, 'is instant with the king.' He finds time however to tell Alvaro,

'I went, and found the faithless fair alone.

More lovely through a veil of tender sorrow

Her beauties shone, as when the sun at noon

Through a cloud's eilky fleece sheds soften'd day.' p. 304.

Afterwards Alvaro thus defends the rudeness of Pedro:

'Yet let me say the Prince's state is such, Stripp'd of his proper nature, and all living With the quick touch of love, that the light gossamer Might prove to him an instrument of torture, As the steel whip to us.' p. 310.

The prince arrives, and a long conversation ensues between him and his father. The prince harangues after this fashion,

To spread,—to cherish
The growth of man, and fill the wond'ring desert
With smiling population:—to support
Society with morals;—feed with wealth;—
Adorn with arts:—to prompt the nerves of labour—
To hang the mountains with the clust'ring vintage,
Or float the plain with harvests:—to command
The flood with the bold arch;—to make the precipice
Patient of human feet, and speed the intercourse
Of man with man:—to waft the navy, fraught
With science and religion, to the savage,
To teach and bless:—to bid the general force
Be general good; and thus to prove that all
Were made for all:—O!—this indeed is greatness
That lifts us near to God!' p. 319.

This only needs repetition to put our readers in mind of 'When man was first created, and before the amalgamation &c.' Nothing, however, is done, and after a little storming from Leonora, the third act ends. In the fourth, the 'Castilian stranger' recognizes Inez as his daughter. There is, however, nothing remarkably affecting in the anagnorisis. The fifth act contains the murder of Inez by the king and his ministers, and the punishment of the ministers by Pedro.

Such is the story of Inez,—too simple in our opinion, to furnish a subject for a drama. It will be found, too, that of the few characters there are some quite unnecessary, and of the little business some is unconnected with the plot. Gonsalez is a mere hanger-on. The love of Coello for Inez produces no effect whatever, and only serves to make the conduct of Coello improbable. The intrigue of Leonora and Alvaro, too, might be spared, for though Alvaro promises to procure the fall of Inez, it is to be remarked that Alphonso, in his persecution of her, follows no counsel but that of his own ungenerous and unruly passions.

Yet Inez contains passages that deserve to be quoted. The following speeches of Alphonso's are spirited and characteristic.

- Why talk of foes? Thy foes are in thyself alone. The court Loves and laments thee: and what need of eyes, Sharpen'd by malice to explore thy faults, When e'en on mine, veil'd with paternal fondness, They burst with noontide glare. When the big interests Of a whole people hang upon our judgement; The nation's genius with the wise and great Convened in anxious council;—where art thou? No voice is heard for Pedro! When the troops Are marshall'd on the plain, and flame eyed war, As his grim ridges flash an iron gleam Views the proud scene with joy, and sternly waits The fall of heroes in the future combat-Then,—where's the Prince?—The enquiring eye shall find The boy of peace lull'd in a woman's lap, Unbrighten'd by a dream of fame or power! It is perhaps for some deep crime of mine, Thou art ordain'd my scourge.—Yet for what crime? If I stood forth the opposer of my father, "Twas thirst of power, 'twas energy of mind That bore me to the deed, and glory pleaded For the high-soul'd offence.—By heaven! I had rather See thee in arms against me, than thus fall'n, Honour's apostate !—rather would I glow With anger than with shame! pp.315, 316.

May chuse his own she-beggar as he will.

The thing of dirt may welter in the senses:

'Tis his poor recompense, and injures no one.

Not so the prince; he lives not for himself:

His frame and spirit, sense and intellect

Are glory's only, and as glory wills

Their functions must obey.' p. 324.

The soliloquy of Almada is not inelegant, though certainly not dramatic: what connection it may have with the business in hand we have not been able to discover.

Which swells awhile;—sports its quick varying tints A borrower from the sun; then bursting melts Into it's parent elements, nor leaves A trace behind.—Man is creation's wonder! With faculties that walk the range of heaven, With appetites that gorge upon the earth, An angel-brute! extended in desire With space and time, yet bounded in fruition By a mere point and moment.—Bliss his aim But his attainment anguish,—he creeps on From day to day in care of sordid being;

While hour to hour repeats the same dull tale,
Till wearied nature sleeps:—or, meteor like,
He glares and flashes with illusive splendour,
Till his thin flame is spent. Our morn of life
Is wet with sorrow's dew;—our noon involved
In passion's storm;—our evening pale and chill,
And fading into night; and when this sun
Is quench'd in darkness,—shall no day star rise
To warm and waken us?—there shall—and then
The joys and cares which shook this fev'rish life
Shall be no more remember'd than a dream.
Yes 'tis the beam of this new day alone
Which throws a golden glimmer o'er our vale,
And fills our nerves with spirits for our travel.' pp. 331, 332.

The following is a good imitation of a grand passage in Homer, which most of our readers will remember.

And why disturb'd at death?—It is life's goal Which all must reach: I soon must follow thee. E'en this proud fabric of the earth and heavens, Built for eternity, they say shall perish, Faded, and lost: then why should'st thou repine, That thou art not immortal? No! die! die! 'Tis but a few thick risings of the breath, And the short toil is o'er.' p. 377.

If we have not been able to praise this drama very highly ourselves, we must not suppress the praises of others. When Dr. S. offered it to the proprietors of Drury-Lane, he 'received it again with a polite note, informing him, that in their opinion it was a piece worthy of any stage.'

On the whole we should rather meet with Dr. S. again as a translator of Virgil, than in any other capacity.

Art. VII. Elements of Universal Geography, Ancient and Modern; containing a description of the Boundary, Extent, Divisions, &c. &c of the several Countries, States, &c. in the known world; to which are added Historical, Classical, and Mythological Notes. By A. Picquot. 12mo. Price 5s. Lackington. 1812.

THIS is a useful and well judged little work. It has been Mr. Picquot's object to discard from the elementary study of geography every thing superfluous, and he has succeeded in compressing an immense quantity of detail into a convenient and manageable compass. We are not aware of any better method of teaching geography than by making the pupil familiar with the application of the contents of such a book as this, to the map. It contains the essence of the science, and with a few unimportant exceptions, is sufficiently accurate.

We would, however, remind Mr. P. that Konigsberg is not the capital of Prussia; that, in his enumeration of the mountains of Hindoostan, he should have included the Sewalick and Himmaleh chains; and that he has not noticed the modern arrangement of the islands of the Pacific. The preface is modest, and sensible; and the apology for the author's imperfect knowledge of the English language entirely unnecessary. He writes it remarkably well.

Art. VIII. History of James Mitchell, a Boy born Blind and Deaf, with an Account of the Operation performed for the Recovery of his Sight. By James Wardrop, F. R. S. 4to. pp. 52. Price 7s. Murray, Albemarle-street, London. Constable and Co. Edinburgh. 1813.

THE subject of this interesting memoir, is the son of a respectable clergyman of the church of Scotland. Soon after his birth, he was discovered by his parents to have a cataract in both eyes, and they had shortly reason to conclude that he wanted the sense of hearing also; for sounds did not attract his attention in the slightest degree, nor did the loudest noise awaken him from sleep. About the period, however, when he began to walk, he seemed to possess some feeble perception of light. He was attracted by dazzling and luminous objects, and was observed to be fond of striking his teeth with any substance capable of producing vibration. nothing but mere animal pleasure could, be derived from these sources, yet even this, to a being so singularly insulated, appeared to be an enjoyment of no ordinary kind. It became one of his principal amusements to hold transparent bodies, possessed of much refracting power, betwixt his eye and the light, so as to concentrate the rays; and he would turn them about in various directions, so as to vary the intensity of the effect. He was fond of going to any room or out-house which was accessible to him, and, after closing the windows and doors, he would place himself against any chink which admitted the sun's rays, where he would often contemplate for them hours together, with fixed and eager curiosity, and endeavour to catch them with his hands. In the winter evenings, he would frequently retire to the corner of a dark room, and amuse himself by kindling a light; and, while thus occupied, his countenance always displayed a very high degree of animation and His external organs of hearing were apparently perfect, and it is probable that the auditory nerve was not enirely insensible, since, even in his childhood, he was remarkably fond of striking hard substances against his teeth.

" He was particularly gratified when it was a key, or any instrument which produced a sharp sound; and he struck it always against his front When a ring of keys was given to him, he seized them with great avidity, and tried each separately, by suspending it loosely between two of his fingers, so as to allow it to vibrate freely; and after tingling them amongst his teeth, in this manner, he generally selected one from the others, the sound of which seemed to please him most. This, indeed. was one of his most favourite amusements, and it was surprising how long it would arrest his attention, and with what eagerness he would, on all occasions, renew it. A gentleman observing this circumstance, brought to him a musical snuff box, and placed it between his teeth. This seemed not only to excite his wonder, but to afford him exquisite delight; and his father and sister, who were present, remarked, that they had never seen him so much interested on any former occasion. Whilst the instrument continued to play, he kept it closely between his teeth, and even when the notes were ended, he continued to hold the box to his mouth, and to examine it minutely with his fingers, his lips, and the point of his tongue, expressing, by his gestures and his countenance, extreme curiosity."

Subsequent to this period, he was supplied by Mr. Wardrop with a common musical key, or tuning fork. When first applied to his teeth, it occasioned some degree of fear and surprize; but he soon became familiar with it, and would strike it on his own hand, so as to cause it to vibrate, and then apply it to his teeth. On one occasion, he was observed by his father to apply it to the external ear. His sense of touch, taste, and smell had become uncommonly acute, and supplied in a very extraordinary degree the deficiency of his other senses.

By those of touch, and smell in particular, he was in the habit of examining every thing within his reach. Large objects, such as the furniture of a room, he felt over with his fingers, whilst those which were minute, and which excited more of his interest, he applied to his teeth, or touched with the point of his tongue. In exercising the sense of touch, it was interesting to notice the delicate and precise manner in which he applied the extremities of his fingers, and with what ease and flexibility he would insinuate the point of his tongue into all the inequalities of the body under his examination. But there were many substances which he not only touched but smelled during his examination. sense of smell he seemed chiefly indebted for his knowledge of different persons. He appeared to know his relations and intimate friends by smelling them very slightly, and he at once detected strangers. It was difficult, however, to ascertain at what distance he could distinguish people by this sense; but from what I was able to observe, he appeared to be able to do so at a considerable distance from the object. This was particularly striking when a person entered the room, as he seemed to be aware of this, before he could derive information from any other sense than that of smell.'

His taste was extremely delicate, but in the selection of his

food he was always guided by the sense of smell. He was fond of milk, plain dressed animal food, apples, peas, &c. but his caution was so great, that he would never receive food from

any person except his parents and sister.

One of the most striking peculiarities of his character, was his avidity to make himself acquainted with the objects by which he was surrounded. When he knew that a stranger was present, he went to him immediately, and examined him all over by the sense of touch and smell, with eagerness. He explored too, chiefly by the sense of touch, the objects surrounding his father's residence, and in this way he made himself acquainted with the most minute parts of the house and furniture, the outbuildings, the various farming utensils, and even some of the neighbouring fields.

He manifested great partiality to some animals, especially to horses, and nothing delighted him more than to be placed upon them. The active powers of his mind were not, however, limited merely to the examination of objects for the gratification of his curiosity; he reasoned upon what he acquired, and frequently exhibited a surprising and extensive

combination of ideas.

When his father went out to ride, he was always the first to watch his return; and it is astonishing how he became warned of this, from remarking a variety of little incidents. His father putting on his boots, and such like occurrences, were all accurately observed by the boy, and led him to conclude how he was to be employed. In the remote situation where he resided, male visitors were most frequent, and therefore the first thing he generally did, was to examine whether or not the stranger wore boots; if he did, he immediately quitted him, went to the lobby, found out and accurately examined his whip, then proceeded to the stable and handled his horse with great care and the utmost attention. It occasionally happened that visitors arrived in a carriage. He never failed to go to the place where the carriage stood, examined the whole of it with much anxiety, and amused himself with the elasticity of the springs.

The opinions which he formed of individuals, and the means he employed to study their character, were extremely interesting.

In doing this, he appeared to be chiefly influenced by the impressions communicated to him by his sense of smell. When a stranger approached him, he eagerly began to touch some part of his body, commonly taking hold of his arm, which he held near his nose, and after two or three strong inspirations, through the nostrils, he appeared to form a decided opinion regarding him. If this was favourable, he shewed a disposition to become more intimate, examined more minutely his dress, and expressed by his countenance more or less satisfaction; but if it happened to be un-

favourable, he suddenly went off to a distance, with expressions of care,

lessness or disgust.'

When he came under the care and observation of Mr. War. drop, he had entered his fifteenth year; but his father had brought him to London about two years before, with the hope of procuring some alleviation of his melancholy privations. The membrana tympani, of both ears, was punctured by Mr. Astley Cooper, but without advantage, and some attempts were made to give him the blessings of sight, which were rendered ineffectual by the violence of his resistance. During his second voyage, be appeared conscious of the object of the journey, and frequently signified to his father his desire and expectation that some operation should be performed upon his eyes: and the recollection of the former attempts evidently influenced him to submit to the repeated examination with perfect firmness and He appeared to be sensible, 'that he had an organ imperfectly developed, and an imperfection to be remedied by the assistance of his fellow-creatures.' Various incidents, indeed, proved that he was capable not only of observation but of reasoning. He had got a pair of shoes on one occasion, which were too small for him, and were consequently put aside in a closet, but he contrived to get the key of the door some time afterwards, and having found the shoes, he put them on a young man who attended him, and whom they happened to suit. On another occasion, finding his sister's shoes very wet, he was uneasy until she changed them.—He was fond of imitating the employments of the servants, and occasionally assisted them in occupations requiring but little dexterity: but an attempt to imitate his brothers, who were engaged in making some basket work, proved too much for his patience to overcome.

He was pleased with some forms and qualities of bodies more than others, and was often observed to break substances with his teeth, to give them the form most agreeable to him. He preferred substances of smooth surface and round form, and often amused himself in selecting smooth round pebbles from the channel of a stream near his father's house, which he would arrange in a circular form, and place himself in the centre of the circle. He was by no means destitute of humour or cunning, which he would frequently exhibit in his amusements with his sister. He had acquired ideas of property, and when detected concealing things which did not belong to himself, he would express a good deal of pleasure and laugh

heartily.

From his extremely limited intercourse with his fellow-creatures, the moral sympathies of his nature could not be

often called into exercise; but many circumstances proved that he possessed them. He expressed great satisfaction at meeting with his mother, and the rest of his family, after his return from London; and on one occasion, when he found his mother unwell, he was observed to weep. His attendant, too, happening to have a sore foot, he went to one of the garrets, and brought him a particular stool to rest his foot upon, which he had used himself on a similar occasion, some time before. He seemed to have great pleasure in noticing young children, and would often take them up in his arms. As a very singular peculiarity of his character, may be noticed his strong partiality for new clothes, which in the hands of his parents became the most powerful means of reward or punishment on particular occasions. When the taylor came to work at the house, (a practice still in use in remote parts of the country) he would sit down beside him, and never leave him until his own suit was finished; and if his brothers had any new articles of dress, and none were given to him, he exhibited strong expressions of anger and disappointment.

After he had recovered some degree of vision, by the operation which Mr. Wardrop performed upon him, a striking proof occurred of his love of finery. He had an uncle in London, a taylor, to whose house he was removed a short time after the operation. He was quite delighted with the various coloured clothes which he saw there, and expressed a strong desire to have a new suit for himself. This wish was complied with, and he selected a bright yellow for his breeches, and a green for his coat and waistcoat.

After the clothes were finished, I called, and requested that he should be dressed in them. This was intimated to him by his uncle, touching his coat, and giving him a ring of keys, one of which opened the door of the room where the clothes were kept. He gladly grasped the keys, and in an instant pitched on the one he wanted, opened the door, and brought a bundle, containing his new suit, into the room where his father, uncle, sister, another gentleman, and myself were sitting. With a joyful smile he loosened the bundle, and took out of the coat pocket a pair of new white mockings, a pair of yellow gloves, and a pair of new shoes. The succeeding scene was, perhaps, one of the most extraordinary displays of He began by first tensual gratification which can well be conceived. trying his new shoes, after throwing away the old ones, with great scorn, and then, with a smiling countenance, went to his father, and to his sister, holding up to each of them, and to me, his feet in succession, that we might admire his treasure. He next put on the yellow gloves, and in like manner, shewing them to his father and sister, they expressed their admiration by patting him on the head and shoulders. He afterwards sat down opposite to a window, stretched out on each knee an expanded hand, and seemed to contemplate the beauty of his gloves with a degree of gratification scarcely to be imagined. At one time I attempted to deceive him, by putting a yellow glove, very little soiled, in place of one of his new ones. But this he instantly detected as a trick, and smiled, throwing away the old glove and demanding his new one. This occupation lasted a considerable time, after which he and his sister retired to another room, where he was dressed completely in his new suit. The expression of his countenance on returning into the room in his gaudy uniform, excited universal laughter, and every means were taken to flatter his vanity and increase his delight.'

His excellent sister, who was his constant friend and companion, had contrived various simple and ingenious means of communicating with him, and of controuling his conduct. These were chiefly addressed to the organs of touch. She employed various modes of holding his arm, and patting him on the head and shoulders, to express consent, and different degress of approbation. She expressed time by shutting his eye-lids, and putting down his head; which done once, meant one night. He, too, by various actions and gestures, had learnt to convey many of his wishes and wants. By reclining his head, he signified his desire to go to bed; he particularized Mr. Wardrop by touching his eyes; and distinguished various workmen by an imitation of their respective employments. When he wanted food, he pointed to his mouth, or to the place where the provisions are usually kept. His temper and disposition were naturally placid and tractable; but any restraint or interruption in his amusements, would irritate him extremely, and sometimes produce violent paroxysms of rage; and as he has advanced in life his temper has become more irascible.

It would be needless to describe, with much minuteness, the particulars of the operation which Mr. Wardrop performed for the recovery of his sight. Only one eye was operated upon. From the difficulties which occurred, he was satisfied to attempt the depression only of the cataract: and in order to effect this, he was compelled to inclose the trunk and extremities of his body in a sort of box or case, contrived for the purpose, having its sides moveable upon hinges. The success of the operation, though not complete, yet was sufficiently so to give him a very useful degree of vision. On the fourth day after the operation, he could distinguish objects, and discerned a book placed on the counterpane of the bed in which he lay, and in his attempts to touch it, he appeared to form a pretty accurate judgement of its distance. From this period his recovery was gradual, and a few days afterwards he accompanied Mr. Wardrop into the street, where the numerous objects by which he was surrounded excited the most lively feelings, not unfrequently mingled with apprehension and alarm. Some time after his return to Scotland, his father informed Mr. Wardrop, by letter, that his son's vision had suffered considerable diminution, from the opaque lens having again nearly blocked up the pupil, an event which is not uncommon after the operation of couching. As, however, the solution and absorption of the lens, and its capsule, were even at that time slowly going on, there is reason to hope that either time or another operation, may restore this interesting youth to the enjoyment of sight.

We cannot terminate this article better than by transcribing the concluding paragraph of this valuable memoir.

'The picture which I have attempted to delineate of this boy's lamentable situation, while it must excite our sympathy, cannot fail at the same time to give rise to much philosophical speculation on one of the most interesting subjects which can engage the human understanding. It is a most wonderful and instructive experiment, instituted by nature herself to illustrate the progress of human intellect, to mark the influence of the different organs of perception in the development of its various faculties; thereby realizing what many philosophers have contemplated in imagination, but never before witnessed. The boy is now in Scotland, and Professor Dugald Stewart, to whom I have communicated every circumstance of his case, is taking a lively interest in procuring some suitable provision, which might enable the boy to be placed where an attempt could be made to educate him, and perhaps, also, to improve his sight by another operation. If this plan be executed under the immediate care and management of Mr. Stewart, every thing will be done which can promote the happiness of this interesting youth, whilst science will reap the benefit of the observations of one of the most ingenious and most profound philosophers of the present day."

Mr. Wardrop has occupied the concluding pages of his work with the history of a case in many respects similar to that of young Mitchell, in whose situation he has taken so warm and laudable an interest. The privations, however, in this lamentable instance, were not congenital, but the consequences of small-pox; and as the history is taken from the Encyclopædia Britannica (Art. Blind) we forbear to enlarge upon it.

Art. IX. An Essay on the Trinity; containing a brief enquiry into the principles on which mysterious and contradictory propositions may be believed. By T. Morton, 8vo. pp. viii. 46. Crosby and Co. 1813.

IT was the persuasion of Bishop Horsley, repeatedly expressed in the course of his controversy with Dr. Priestley, that the subject of the Trinity has been so frequently and thoroughly discussed, as almost to preclude the possibility of new illucidation, of more effectually refuting the cavils that

have been raised against it, or enforcing the arguments on which it rests. If such was the conviction of the most profound and vigorous of recent theologians, minor understandings can have little hope of success. On this account, it might be supposed that we consider the present tract as altogether superfluous; particularly as Mr. Morton, not professing to be much acquainted with the standard works on the subject of which he treats, and not having had the advantage of a regular education, cannot be expected to present his thoughts in the most advantageous light. Our estimate of his labours, however, is by no means so unfavourable. When error, a thousand times refuted, is daily repeated, when objections that have been times without number exposed, are boldly and clumsily brought forward as new, it is expedient to re-state old arguments and re-apply old solutions. If this be tolerably well done, in small tracts, by persons of sound judgement, who walk in a beaten path without being implicitly guided by others, the advantage may be very great. We are therefore disposed to receive with cordiality the pamphlet before us—the work, if not of a learned, at least of a vigorous and exercised mind. The object of it is to show that no objection can be made on the ground of reason to the doctrine of the Trinity, supposing, as the author believes, that it is plainly taught in scripture; -and in this object we think he has fully succeeded.

In lately reading several Socinian works, Mr. Morton found with regret, that a large portion of them was taken up with this notable enthymeme, "the doctrine of the Trinity contradicts the common rules of arithmetic, and therefore it is not true." The utter inapplicability of this paltry sophism is evinced in a very satisfactory manner. That "The Father is God, the Son is God, and the Holy Ghost is God; yet that there are not three Gods, but one God," Mr. Morton readily allows, is a doctrine most mysterious; but it is not, he contends, on that ground to be rejected. Human reason, he observes is feeble, compared with the objects of her contemplation, is weak in her operations, slow in her progress, and mutable in her decisions.' After illustrating this proposition, (of itself sufficient to expose the folly of rejecting any principle made known by the perfect reason, if it accord not with our limited concep-

tions) he concludes thus:

How very unreasonable then must it be, to prefer this evidence to all others, on the subject of the Unity of the Godhead. Is not He an object to which we are perpetually complaining, that our ideas are defective and inadequate. Do not we allow Him to be infinite? a quality to which it is impossible we should ever find an analogy. Do not we believe that He has no relation to time? Do not we believe that He has no relation to place? And is it not equally certain, that he has no relation to num-

ber?—It is certain, that our senses can never bear evidence on the subject of the Deity's non-relation to number, any more than they can on His non-relation to time and place: but, that the senses do not help us, is no proof that reason is our sole guide in this enquiry. Mortals are undoubtedly capable of receiving testimony on this subject; and this is certainly a subject on which testimony, compared with reason, is a superior and more valid species of evidence. pp. 10, 11.

He adds that the sphere of human observation is very narrow; and concludes by remarking the total dissimilarity subsisting between matter and spirit, from which it follows 'that the Deity is not subject to the laws that govern matter; and, consequently that those laws afford no rule or analogy whereby we are to form our ideas of His nature, or the modes of His existing or acting.' Nor does the human soul furnish any but faint and distant analogies to assist us in forming a notion of the divine nature.

'What ideas can we form of the mode in which that being exists who is not a part in one place and a part in another; and yet his presence in one place does not necessarily imply his absence from another: or of His conceptions, whose ideas do not flow in a successive series; but to whom the lapse of all ages, the slumbers of oblivion, and the blindness of futurity, are equally and perpetually present. These are inconceivable properties, and in fact, metaphysical impossibilities, which can be expressed only by language that contradicts itself.' pp. 16, 17.

Having shown that human reason is inadequate fully to comprehend the attributes that are universally ascribed to God, our author remarks that, to be consistent, a Socinian ought to exclude many of those attributes (such as eternity, infinity, &c.) from his notion of the Supreme Being. And truly, after what has already taken place, there is no reason to despair of this improvement in the Socinian creed.

To these remarks, subversive of the argument from reason against the Trinity, Mr. Morton subjoins an extract, relating to the analogy of the Trinity, afforded by the human mind, from 'aphorismal thoughts of Lessing, published in a work called the "Monthly Repository of Theology and General Literature." This analogy is not uncommon in the Fathers. It is illustrated with great felicity by Bossuet, in his "Discours sur L'Histoire Universelle," and with much acuteness and perspicuity by Leslie in his Socinian Controversy. In Bishop Horsley's Tracts, also, in controversy with Dr. Priestly, * the subject is handled with that prelate's characteristic ability.

The remainder of Mr. Morton's tract is taken up in replying

^{*} Fourth Supplemental Disquisition.

to objections he has heard advanced by Socinian teachers. Of these objections the first is as follows.

"You say, that the reasonableness of a doctrine is not the sole criterion of its truth: I therefore wish to know, what standard it is by which you form your opinions. Do you not believe what you do, because reason dictates it? And are you not attempting to prove the rationality of holding doctrines which are contrary to reason?" p. 26.

To this Mr. Morton replies:

- 'To make reason, i. e. the conformity of a doctrine to the knowledge we possess, the sole rule of belief, is to avail ourselves of no more than one kind of evidence: yet those Unitarian philosophers do this; and presume, that every person, when he begins to read his Bible, be his knowledge what it may, is provided with a sufficient test, whereby all its facts, and all its doctrines, are to be decided true or false.' pp. 26, 27.
- Any rational being who should know the value of wheat, and not know the manner in which it is produced; who should see the quantities that are in every Autumn thrown upon the ground, where it rots: any rational being who should know this, and not know that it would grow and produce a greater quantity, or that the men who squandered it were rational beings; would infer, that it is an unprofitable practice: and, if he knew that these same men subsisted principally upon it, he would think them stupid and foolish in the extreme. But the practice would not be less beneficial, though any rational being should actually possess just so much knowledge, and no more, that by a strictly proper exercise of his reason he should draw the above inference. If this being should know that farmers were rational beings, he might possibly suspect a deficiency of his own knowledge, and give them some credit for knowing more of what belonged to their own sphere, than himself. But tell the same being the consequence of this agricultural operation, and he will immediately draw an inference directly opposite to that which he had drawn before; and think the people so employed, very thoughtful and provident. Exactly similar is the rationality displayed by the Trinitarian, in the belief of a doctrine which the Unitarian calls irrational. For a being to destroy that which it subsists on, is as opposite to rationality, as that three are one. The consequence of the foregoing operation in husbandry, is the fact which proves is rationality; and the superiority of divine revelation, to logical inference without it, as evidence on the nature of the Deity, is the fact which, when admitted, shields the Trinitarian from every charge of irrationality. And amongst common professors of revealed religion, that sect cannot surely deserve much reproach for any extraordinary stretch of faith, which merely asserts, that God himself is most to be depended upon, as evidence on his own attributes.' pp. 28, 29.

To the second objection "How can that be a revelation which we cannot understand?" It is answered that

The doctrine of the Trinity is not a greater mystery, than the fact of Christ's walking on the sea, or his raising Lazarus from the dead; and the language which expresses the former is as easy to understand, as that which expresses either of the latter; and, as Unitarians believe the latter,

I should leave it to themselves to explain, how that can instruct us which we cannot understand; were it not proper to observe, to more humble enquirers, that a fact may be revealed, and of course understood, though the preparatory knowledge which would make that fact appear rational to our minds, may not be revealed, and not understood. And this knot of difficulties may be unravelled by observing, that the fact which is revealed, may be understood, and does instruct us; though its circumstantial relations, such as the manner of an action, may not be revealed, consequently not understood, and then cannot instruct us." pp. 30, 31.

The last objection, "I will not believe any thing which I cannot understand," forms the basis of the Socinian faith, a sort of armour consisting of ignorance, conceit and presumption, equally proof against the attacks of reason and revelation.

It would have been well, had Mr. Morton used with a little more caution the term contradictory in relation to the doctrines of scripture. He may be enabled to improve his Essay by perusing the seventh dialogue of Bishop Berkley's Minute Philosopher, the fourth chapter of the second part of Bishop Butler's Analogy, and the fourth of Dr. Gregory's Letters on the Evidences, Doctrines and Duties of the Christian Religion.

Art. X. The Queen's Wake: A Legendary Poem. By James Hogg. 8vo. pp. 353. Price 12s. Longman and Co. 1813.

WE think the public begin to have enough of ghosts and goblins, of spirits of the storm, and ladies of the glen, and wraiths, and second-seers, and wee wee men. The circumstances which originally gave these gothic beings the ascendancy over their brethren of Greece, were undoubtedly the implicit belief reposed in them, and the air of awful mystery that hung about them. The first (natural enough among a people residing in a gloomy climate, and picturesque country, and besides under the dominion of monks and superstitious terrors) was an indispensable requisite. It was necessary to the poetical existence of these dark and shadowy personages, that they should be supposed to have a real existence. What is not believed excites but little feeling, and what does not interest the feelings does not long detain the attention. The Arabian Nights and Ovid's Metamorphoses are thrown away before we leave school. Now the day of superstitious credulity is, in southern land at least, and among the tribe of readers who have any thing to do with tales of wonder, and border minstrelsy, and legendary poems, well nigh over: and a southern begins to smile at the gravity with which his northern neighbour can repeat such a tale as that at p. 346 of the present volume, of a girl who disappeared while talking to her father,

el,

who was searched for far and near in vain, but at length by dint of prayers offered, the next sabbath, with unusual vehemence, in seven Christian churches, was brought back again, without having met with any other misfortune, than her skin's having 'acquired a blueish cast, which wore gradually off in

the course of a few weeks!'

The other circumstance, which we mentioned as having contributed to the popularity of the northern mythology, is the mystery connected with it. There is much in this. of hymns and epics, the gods and goddesses of Greece and Rome were as familiarly known to their votaries, as the great of our own country are to the readers of court-calendars and peerages of Great Britain. But poetry delights in the shadowy and the half-known, and the undefined; and therefore turned away from Olympus, whose secrets had been so often and so injudiciously laid open, to the clouds and storms of a Scandinavian heaven. And here, among forms scarcely seen in the dim evening, and wailings of viewless spirits, witches, like Shakespeare's that have no local habitation, and elves, like Ariel, in the Tempest, whose genera and classes are unknown, she found enough of the wild and the wonderful, for her most wayward children. But that happy time of ignorance is at an end: the poets in piercing the wilds and the caves have let in the daylight, and the commentators and antiquarians have followed with their glimmering tapers, till the whole region is discovered, and ghosts and brownies, and vampires, and grim-white women are grown as familiar as cats and dogs that sleep upon the parlour rug. If any one doubts of the effect which this mystery and indistinctness produces in poetry, let him compare the Rape of the Lock and the Triumphs of Temper, and then let him say, whether he be most pleased with the Rosicrusian system, faintly and delicately sketched by Pope, or strongly outlined and heavily coloured by Hayley:

Ghosts, however, and goblins, are not yet quite out of date, and here is a volume full of them, mixed, however, with Highland chiefs and border forays. The story is simply this. Queen Mary, on her first landing in Scotland, is mightily taken

with the country which she is to govern:

When Mary turned her wondering eyes On rocks that seemed to prop the skies; On palace, park, and battled pile; On lake, on river, sea, and isle; O'er woods and meadows bathed in dew, To distant mountains wild and blue; She thought the isle that gave her birth, The sweetest, wildest land on earth.' p. 9.

still more, however, with a song with which she is hailed by a 'gray-haired minstrel.' 'Was ever song so sweet before?' she asksthe 'good Argyle.' The old earl, wondering, we suppose, at his royal mistress's taste, and finding the song very indifferent, gives her to know some of the powers of Highland minstrelsy. They are, in truth, somewhat extraordinary.

To deeds of more than mortal might;
'Twill make the maid, in all her charms,
Fall weeping in her lover's arms.
'Twill charm the mermaid from the deep;
Make mountain oaks to bend and weep;
Thrill every heart with horrors dire,
And shape the breeze to forms of fire.

When poured from green-wood bower at even,
'Twill draw the spirits down from heaven;
And all the fays that haunt the wood,
To dance around in frantic mood,
And tune their mimic harps so boon
Beneath the cliff and midnight moon.' p. 14.

This is rather an old tale, it must be confessed, and something like an ideot's, 'full of sound and fury, signifying nothing;' however, the Queen determines to prove its truth, and accordingly sends round her herald to summon all the bards to

'Her courtly halls on Easter week,
That then the royal Wake may be
Cheered by their thrilling minstrelsy.' p. 17.

The consequence may be presumed. wold axea edT

'Each glen was sought for tales of old,
Of luckless love, of warrior bold,
Of ravished maid, or stolen child
By freakish fairy of the wild;
Of sheeted ghost, that had revealed
Dark deeds of guilt from man concealed;
Of boding dreams, of wandering spright,
Of dead-lights glimmering through the night.
Yea, every tale of ruth or weir,
Could waken pity, love, or fear,
Were decked anew, with anxious pain,
And sung to native airs again,' p. 19.

There rolled each bard his anxious eye,
Or strode his adversary bye.
No cause was there for names to scan,
Each minstrel's plaid bespoke his clan;
And the blunt Borderer's plain array,
The bonnet broad and blanket gray.
Bard sought of bard a look to steal;
Eyes measured each from head to heel.

Much wonder rose, that men so famed,
Men save with rapture never named,
Looked only so,—they could not tell,—
Like other men, and scarce so well.
Though keen the blast, and long the way,
When twilight closed that dubious day,
When round the table all were set,
Small heart had they to talk or eat;
Red look askance, blunt whisper low,
Awkward remark, uncourtly bow,
Were all that past in that bright throng,
That group of genuine sons of song.' pp. 23, 24.

The Wake lasts three nights, and at length the prize is carried away by the bard that sings, in our opinion, about the worst song.

Of such a miscellaneous collection, it must evidently be difficult to give a general character. The reader will find all sorts, from the venerable orthography of

> 'Quhan mes for Kilmeny's soul had beine sung, Quhan the bedis-man had prayit and the deide-bell run; Lete, lete in ane glomyn, quhan all was still, Quhan the freenge was reid on the wastlin hill—' p. 168.

and the ballad-like simplicity of

- The first blow that Earl Walter made He clove his bearded chin.
 - " Beshrew thy heart," Lord Darcie said,
 " Ye sharply do begin!"
 - 4 The next blow that Earl Walter made, Quite through the gare it ran.
 - "Now by my faith," Lord Darcie said,
 "That's stricken like a man."
 - 'The third blow that Earl Walter made, It scoped his lordly side.
 - " Now, by my troth," Lord Darcie said,
 "Thy marks are ill to bide—" p. 160.

to such tawdry and fantastical stuff as the following;

- 'There Avin spreads her ample deep, To mirror cliffs that brush the wain;
- Whose frigid eyes eternal weep, In Summer suns and Autumn rain.' p. 96.
- The scene was so still, it was all like a vision;
 The lamp of the moon seemed as fading for ever.
- 'Twas awfully soft, without shade or elision;
 And nothing was heard, but the rush of the river.' p. 53.

This last is too much the style of the whole volume. In the imitation of the old ballads, the 'Ettrick Shepherd' may for a

while be simple and natural; but 'naturam expellas furca; he presently flies back again to finery and verbiage.

We come now to give some account of one or two of the tales. The first is by Rizzio, and seems very much to Queen Mary's liking. Her Majesty might probably admire the following lines.

The sun, in pall of purple borne,
Was hastening down the steeps of Jura.
The glowing ocean heaved her breast,
Her wandering lover's glances under;
And showed his radiant form, imprest
Deep in a wavy world of wonder.' p. 40.

Our sentiments rather agree with the proud Highlander's;

But that affected gaudy rhyme,
The querulous keys, and changing chime,
Scarce could the Highland chieftain brook:
Disdain seemed kindling in his look,
That song so vapid, artful, terse,
Should e'er compete with Scottish verse.' p. 44.

and we wish that the greater part of Mr. Hogg's bards had been deterred by this disdain from following in the taste of Rizzio.

'The witch of Fife' is very entertaining; and if the reader have but patience to spell his song, he will gain a laugh for his trouble.

'Kilmeny' is a poetical version of one of those marvellous stories we have already alluded to, as being in such good credit with our author. Some parts of it are very beautiful.

Kilmeny luckit up with ane lovely grace,
But ne smyle was seine on Kilmeny's face;
Als still was her luke, and als still was her ee,
Als the stilness that lay on the emerant lee,
Or the myst that sleips on ane waveless sea.
For Kilmeny had beine scho kend nocht quhair,
And Kilmeny had seine quhat scho culde not declayre.' p. 169.

Ay keipe thilke holye troths in mynde,
That kyndred spyritis ilk motion see,
Quha watch their wayis with ankshes ee,
And griefe for the guilt of humainitye!
Och, sweit to hevin the maydenis prayer,
And the siche that hevis ane bosom so fayir!
And deire to hevin the wordis of truthe,
And the prayze of vertu fra beautyis muthe!
And deire to the viewless formis of ayir,
The mynde that kythis as the body fayir!

Gin evir ye seike the world agayne,
That world of synn, of sorrow, and feire,
O, tell of the joyis that are wayting heire!
And tell of the sygnis ye shall shortlye see;
Of the tymes that are now, and the tymes that shall be.

The last song that we shall mention is the last in the book— 'the Abbot M'Kinnon.' There is something pleasingly romantic in the opening.

'M'Kinnon's tall mast salutes the day,
And beckons the breeze in Iona bay;
Plays lightly up in the morning sky,
And nods to the green wave rolling bye;
The anchor upheaves, the sails unfurl,
The pennons of silk in the breezes curl;
But not one monk on holy ground
Knows whither the Abbot M'Kinnon is bound.

Well could that bark o'er the ocean glide,
Though monks and friars alone must guide;
For never man of other degree
On board that sacred ship might be.
On deck M'Kinnon walked soft and slow;
The haulers sung from the gilded prow;
The helmsman turned his brow to the sky,
Upraised his cowl, and upraised his eye,
And away shot the bark, on the wing of the wind,
Over billow and bay like an image of mind.' pp. 284, 285.

For three days the bard is absent: at length

No more the watch fires gleam to the blast,
M'Kinnon and friends arrive at last.

A stranger youth to the isle they brought,
Modest of mien and deep of thought,
In costly sacred robes bedight,
And he lodged with the abbot by day and by night.

His breast was graceful, and round withall,
His leg was taper, his foot was small,
And his tread so light that it flung no sound
On listening ear or vault around.
His eye was the morning's brightest ray,
And his neck like the swan's in Iona bay;
His teeth the ivory polished new,
And his lip like the morel when glossed with dew,
While under his cowl's embroidered fold
Were seen the curls of waving gold.
This comely youth, of beauty so bright,
Abode with the abbot by day and by night.' pp. 286, 287.

M'Kinnon is warned in a dream to visit some temple on some 'dreadful strand'—we do not well know what or where.

There he and his partners are alarmed by a mermaid's song, and on preparing to return home,

When they came in view of their rocking sail,
They saw an old man who sat on the wale;
His beard was long, and silver grey,
Like the rime that falls at the break of day;
His locks like wool, and his colour wan,
And he scarcely looked like an earthly man.
They asked his errand, they asked his name,
Whereunto bound, and whence he came;
But a sullen thoughtful silence he kept,
And turned his face to the sea and wept.
Some gave him welcome, and some gave him scorn,
But the abbot stood pale, with terror o'erborne;
He tried to be jocund, but trembled the more,
For he thought he had seen the face before.

'Then the old man arose and stood up on the prow,
And fixed his dim eyes on the ocean below;
And they heard him saying, "Oh, woe is me!
But great as the sin must the sacrifice be."
Oh, mild was his eye, and his manner sublime,
When he looked unto heaven and said—"Now is the time."
He looked to the weather, he looked to the lee,
He looked as for something he dreaded to see,
Then stretched his pale hand, and pointed his eye
To a gleam on the verge of the eastern sky.

Then a sound arose they knew not where,
It came from the sea, or it came from the air,
'Twas louder than tempest that ever blew,
And the sea-fowls screamed, and in terror flew;
Some ran to the cords, some kneeled at the shrine,
But all the wild elements seemed to combine;
'Twas just but one moment of stir and commotion,
And down went the ship like a bird of the ocean.

This moment she sailed all stately and fair,
The next nor ship nor shadow was there,
But a boil that arose from the deep below,
A mounting gurgling column of snow;
It sunk away with a murmuring moan,
The sea is calm, and the sinners are gone.' pp. 299—302.

Every reader will now be able to form for himself an estimate of the merits of the volume.

powerful alleviations it hids the attraction of a lovely example, and present a motive to difference and persent and present and impress the youthful made present and impress the youthful made

Art. XI. Elijah's Translation foretold. A Sermon preached on the 21st of March, 1813, at Masborough, near Rotherham, on the much lamented Death of the Rev. Edward Williams, D. D. By George Lambert. 8vo. pp. 31. Price 1s. 6d. Black. 1813.

Art. XII. Elisha's Lamentation for Elijah. A Sermon preached at Nether Chapel, Sheffield (on the same occasion.) By Joseph Gilbert, Classical Tutor in the same Institution. 8vo. pp. 27. Price 1s. 6d. Gale and Curtis. 1813.

Art. XIII. ASermon preached at Aldermanbury Postern, London Wall, on Sunday March 21, 1813; occasioned by the Death of the Rev. Edward Williams, D.D. Theological Tutor in the Dissenting College at Rotherham, in Yorkshire. By John Hawkeley. 8vo. pp. 54. Price 2s. Conder. 1813.

Art. XIV. The Tears of Gratitude. A Sermon preached at West Melton, near Rotherham. By William Moorhouse, jun. 8vo. pp. 35. Price 1s. 6d. Baynes, 1813.

THE mysterious perplexity in which the arrangements of Providence are often, to our apprehensions, involved, will be found, for the most part, to arise from the imperfection of our knowledge; from our incapacity to form an extensive and impartial judgement; from the powerful excitement of our passions; and from the seeming opposition of events to our personal and relative interests. The feelings and affections of our nature too frequently pervert our reasonings, while we are unconscious of their influence; and lead us to arraign and repine at the procedures of Heaven, when unmurmuring submission is both our duty and our privilege. Such obvious considerations are never more seasonably urged, than under the pressure of those afflictive dispensations, which deprive the church or the world of eminent and distinguished worth. But, on occasions of this nature, submission is widely remote from apathy. He who "knows our frame" permits the indulgence of sympathy and sorrow. Such feelings are sanctioned by religion itself. They were exemplified in the affectionate friendship of the Saviour. By their salutary influence, they soften the mind, awaken its best sensibilities, and prepare it for the more lively enjoyment of those divine consolations, which the gospel of Christ alone can impart.

In the moral as well as in the natural economy of Providence we often behold a system of compensations. The premature removal of carly genius and piety has connected with it one powerful alleviation: it aids the attraction of a lovely example, and presents a motive to diligence and perseverance, peculiarly adapted to stimulate and impress the youthful mind.

On the other hand, if matured excellence is suddenly snatched from our world, we have the benefit of that maturity; we can contemplate the richness of character, and its more perfect developement, in the lives and thoughts and actions of those, who, having "served their generation," are gathered to their fathers. Who has not felt a consciousness of sublime and undefinable emotion, when studying the biographical delineations of such men as Edwards, or Henry, or Watts, or Doddridge? How often has the ardour of devotion been enkindled, and the activity of benevolence been roused, by the records of their piety? " Monuments of the greatness of the human soul, they present to the world the august image of virtue in her sublimest form: they raise the standard of morals; they arrest the progress of degeneracy; they diffuse a lustre over the path of life; and awaken in distant bosoms the sparks of kindred excellence."

To this train of reflections we have been insensibly led, by the interesting memorials of affectionate veneration and esteem, which have been called forth, on the recent and much lamented death of the Reverend Doctor Edward Williams. Not many months ago, the attention of our readers was directed to the last finished production of his pen*; a production of eminent polemic ability, and which, had it been his only work, would have transmitted his name to posterity as a Christian Divine of the highest order. From an intimation in some of the sermons before us, we are happy to learn that a somewhat ample memoir of his life and writings is in contemplation. Waiving therefore, for the present, a minute examination of the Doctor's works (considerable both in point of number and importance, and abounding in original disquisitions on some of the most abstruse subjects of theology), we hasten to lay before our readers a few particulars collected from the sermons on our table. - In Mr. Lambert's pious and affectionate discourse, we have the following outline of Doctor Williams' life.

He was born at Glanclwyd near Denbigh, Nov. 14, 1751. From papers in the possession of his family, it appears, that his mind at an early age was impressed with sentiments of religion, though placed in a situation where little but its form was attended to. His father, designing him for the church, he received a classical education at St. Asaph, and was afterwards placed with a clergyman, preparatory to his being sent to Oxford. About this time, however, he began to reflect seriously on the subject of conformity, and on the fullest deliberation, resolved to quit the established church, and exercise his ministry among the Dissenters.—He

Vid. Art. on the "Defence of Modern Calvanism." Vol. viii. p. 485.

commenced a course of academical studies under Dr. Davies, then of Abergavenny. Here his soul met with kindred spirits, and increased in wisdom and the fear of the Lord. His great attainments testify that he was not a loiterer in the school of the prophets .- In the year 1776, he settled as a Pastor at Ross: and removed to Oswestry in the year follow-He here superintended the education of a few young men, designed for the work of the ministry; and, being invited to succeed Dr. Davies as Divinity Tutor at Abergavenny, the academy at the latter place was transferred to Oswestry. Over this united Institution, he continued to preside, greatly to the satisfaction of all who were concerned in it, till 1791, when from the impaired state of his health, and personal and family affliction, he was induced to accept a congregational charge in Carr's-lane, Birmingham*. But it was not long before God, who had intrusted his servant with an important talent, called him to a sphere, where it was again brought into exercise. After four years residence at Birmingham, he was invited to Masborough, near Rotherham. To the unswerving faithfulness, and the unwearied diligence with which he acquitted himself of his high duties, every heart is a willing witness. The conviction which prevailed of his excellence, is expressed in language that cannot be mistaken-in the sighs and tears, the deep and general lamentations, which have been occasioned by his loss.' pp. 22-24.

From the sermons before us, (and their testimonies are confirmed by the observations of all, who were happy enough to have been placed within the sphere of the Doctor's personal influence) we are enabled to form some conception of the fervent piety, the distinguished talents, and the constant practical usefulness which were combined in his character. We look forward, however, with considerable anxiety to the more full delineation of his various excellencies in the promised memoir. The worth of such a man demands a permanent record. In the mean time we are thankful for the information, which is supplied by the valuable and judicious discourses of Mr. Hawksley and Mr. Gilbert.

As a Christian,' says Mr. Hawksley, 'the piety of Dr. Williams was of the most exalted description.—Ardent love to God most evidently inspired his breast.—His benevolence was great and diffusive.—He was eminently humble—he was peculiarly resigned to the will of God—and in more than an usual degree, spiritually minded. As a minister, his sermons were strictly evangelical. He never forgot that he was a servant of Jesus Christ.—He had copiously imbibed the doctrines of the apostles and prophets, and was mightily impressed with the magnitude and efficacy of the scheme of mediation. He turned with holy loathing, from that ministry which veils the superlative glories of the Redeemer in general representations, and studied ambiguity. He considered the New Testament to be afforded for the highest moral purposes—purposes which are to be

^{* &#}x27;About this time he was unexpectedly presented with the degree of D.D. from the University of Edinburgh, as a testimony of their regard for his abilities, acquirements, and writings.'—Gilbert's Sermon, p. 23.

effected by the means which itself points out. The infinite dignity of the Mediator's person, the value and efficacy of his sacrifice, the necessity of heavenly influence to work in man "both to will and to do"—the malignity and desert of sin—the extent and immutable obligation of the divine Law—the sublime and comprehensible morality of the Gospel applicable to all classes and circumstances—the awful realities of the judgment day—these, and the topics they necessarily involve, were the great themes on which he expatiated with precision, with feeling, and with effect. Whilst on the one hand, he refrained not from enlarging on the boundless love and mercy of God, through an unwarrantable and timid apprehension, that some "might turn the grace of God into lasciviousness;" on the other hand, he pitied the ignorance and the petulance of those, who represent a close and animated appeal to the consciences of sinners, as incompatible with the sovereignty of grace, an as inapplicable to the impotent circumstances of men." pp. 28, 33—35.

There is one part of this admirable delineation of ministerial character which we think intitled to special notice.

'His addresses,' says Mr. H. 'were plain. He felt an anxious solicitude that all might understand him. He never made the pulpit a theatre on which to exhibit talent. He was far from the stupidity and wickednes, of seeking to sparkle on a divine theme. Though so eminently and profoundly skilled in the abstruse sciences, he reserved the discussion of them for a proper time and place. He appeared in the pulpit, not as the philosopher, not as the man of learning, not as the metaphysician, but as the messenger of God. He sanctioned not by his example, a style of conversation, in reference to the ministers of the sanctuary, which tends more to attract regard to them as men of talents, than as zealous and useful preachers of the gospel of Christ*.'

As a Tutor, he adds, the name of WILLIAMS obtained and deserved an extensive celebrity. His stores of theological knowledge were vast and valuable—he was easy of access—he was deeply interested in the

religious prosperity of his students.'-pp. 37, 38.

In many of these citations, we have adverted only to the topics of Mr. Hawksley's illustrations, that we might present a condensed view of Dr. Williams' character.—The following passage is selected from Mr. Gilbert's discourse.

'To advance the science of theology, and to give coherency to truth, is an object of no common moment. To shew the harmony of scripture; to reconcile opposing systems of religious doctrine; to dissolve unholy alliances of error with truth; to shew whence opposite mistakes arise; and where the sacred medium is that might conciliate and unite the wise and good of every class: these are services for which few are qualified. The Luthers and Calvins, and Turretines—are unfortunately not the men, whom

of flaming religious profession tal of certain preachers. They estimate them just as Garrick would have estimated the worth of players, or as Handel would have ranged an orchestra. "Such an one is clever—he is a master." Clever!—a master! Worth and character and dignity are of no weight in the scale."—Cecil's Works, vol. I. p. 151.

it is the fashion of the present age to emulate. Such however was the venerable man whom we deplore. He was never weary of the search for truth. There was scarcely any divine of note, of any communion, or of any country, with whose writings he was not acquainted, and with the best of them most intimately. He was blessed with a judgment of singular discrimination. He stripped off every veil of eloquence and art, and by the light of indisputable principles contemplated the naked sentiment. Thus from all sources he enriched himself. Yet he was no less qualified to originate important trains of thought than to pursue those which others had suggested.—The great doctrines of divine grace and human imbecility, perhaps had never so consistent a defender.—When were the characters of God as sovereign and governor so accurately discriminated? or the correspondent relations of man so justly exhibited? The universal obligation of the gospel; the necessity of holy influence, divine decrees and moral agency have all received from him elucidation.

In the preceding extract, there is a reference to some profound and interesting discussions in the Notes to the recent editions of Doddridge and Edwards, published under the direction of Dr. Williams, and which have excited considerable attention among inquiring minds. The Doctor has embodied and systematised them in a very elaborate work on the "Equity of Divine Government, and the Sovereignty of divine grace," published a few years ago, and of which an improved edition is now on the eve of publication; and they are stated and applied in a more popular manner, in the Defence of Modern Calvinism. Without meaning, on the present occasion, to enter into an investigation of the peculiar sentiments of Dr. Williams, we cannot withhold our admiration of the patient research, the acute discrimination, and the uniform devotion by which all his theological writings are distinguished. A most amiable candour pervades his compositions, happily combined with an unbending deference to scriptural authority, and an earnest conviction of the importance of truth. If, on some topics, his meaning is not always obvious, it is because they are of vast and difficult conception: for, on subjects less remote from the ordinary range of thought, he is highly perspicuous and convincing. His disquisitions, too, are invariably important. This, we are aware, has been called in question by some who have not had sufficient patience to investigate, or sufficient intelligence to comprehend the scope and tendency of his reasonings. We confess that the methodical form which they sometimes assume, and the use of a mathematical diction in stating the connections and dependencies of his thoughts, have rendered them less attractive to ordinary readers; but this very formula has its advantages: it facilitates the detection of error; it discovers

the nakedness of fallacious reasoning, and divests it of all that luxuriance and ornament by which its true character is so frequently concealed from observation. At the same time such a synthetical mode of stating a series of arguments, enables us to form distinct and definite conceptions. The bearings and coherences of truth are more obvious, more easy of comprehension; and the ideas thus attained constitute valuable materials for more elaborate and amplified discussion. They furnish the principles and elements of future thinking, and may be easily

expanded into less rigorous and scientific details.

We have said that Dr. Williams's speculations are important. Their subjects are infinitely interesting. They respect the true and proper origination of moral evil, the principles of the divine government, the harmony of its administrations, the agreement between the prescience and decrees of God and the moral agency and responsibility of man. To attain satisfactory conclusions on these vastly momentous topics, must be of immense utility to the theological inquirer, and powerfully affect the complexion of his entire scheme of religious truth. In the communication of that truth, especially by preaching, enlarged and generalizing views must be of primary importance, and must necessarily determine the prevailing tone of sentiment in the particular circle where they are illustrated and enforced. In this respect, the most abstruse speculations of of Dr. W. where the principles of his system are admitted, will have a practical effect, favourable to the interests of truth and piety. It requires no great penetration to discover that most of the errors which have abounded in the world, on subjects of religion, have arisen from confined and partial principles. Too many polemics resemble the knights of fabulous renown, who disputed about the colour of the statue. They do not go round the object of their contention. It is often forgotten, that in the investigation of moral truth, we might expect to meet with sentiments apparently contradictory, though supported by equal When such seeming amounts of evidence and authority. anomalies present themselves, it is too common to reject either the one or the other; when the truth lies, not in an exclusive admission of either, but in the cordial admission of both. The reasonings of Dr. Williams, as far as we have attended to them, appear to proceed on these generalising views; and in many instances he has happily succeeded, in separating the excrescences of human origin from the system of divine revelation, and in bringing together those classes of truth, which rigid and contracted reasoners have thought incapable of coafition. We hope to have another opportunity of minutely

explaining our views on this subject: and must content our. selves with referring to one sentiment which has acquired in the writings of Dr. Williams an interesting prominence. Mr. Lambert has alluded to it in his account of some of the expressions which he uttered not long before his departure. "I think," said the dying saint, " I shall not continue much longer with you, for I feel a growing attachment to another world." "I am in the hands of a sovereign God,"—'and this,' observes Mr. I. 'was to him a term of great endearment, because he regarded the sovereignty of God, as invariably exercised for the creature's good.' He was accustomed to contemplate this prerogative of the divine nature, as displayed exclusively in the dispensation of favour, and as perfectly separable from the administration of penal justice. Hence he never admitted, though decidedly Calvinistic in the general principles of his belief, the idea of a decree respecting either the existence or consequences of sin; and reprobation, as the converse of election, he considered an unscriptural and irrational sentiment. We have adverted to this principle of Dr. W. because it prevails among modern Calvinists; and because just views of the reasonings on which it is founded, would prevent persons of an opposite system from entertaining the gross misconceptions which so generally obtain, concerning the Calvinistic notion of divine sovereignty. subject the views of Dr. W. were remarkably coincident with the cautions and reserved language of the seventeenth article of the Church of England. Two great principles formed the basis of his theological principles,-viz. that all good proceeds from God alone, and that all evil originates in the creature. He considered all the peculiarities of revealed truth, as direct illustrations of these important moral axioms—from which he invariably reasoned, and to which he constantly appealed as decisive and satisfactory data in all his disquisitions.

It has been sometimes imagined, that metaphysical discussions are unfavourable to habits of devotion. The life of Dr. Williams was a practical refutation of this opinion. Every train of thinking to which his acute and active mind was directed, was, in his feelings and practice, eongenial with the spirituality and seriousness which marked his character. He emphatically "walked with God;" and intermingled the exercises of piety with habits of investigation. Bene or asse, bene studuisse, the favourite adage of Luther, was exemplified in the uniform conduct of this eminent Christian; and those who knew him most intimately, and beheld the influence of true religion displayed in his moral character, "glorified

God in him." It matters not, to a mind unformed for the sublime enjoyments of devout intercourse, what may be the subjects of professional attention. A man may be a diligent student, even of the Scriptures themselves, and attain the reputation of a profound divine; and he may have his reward. But all will be secular-unhallowed-unsanctified, if the "heart is not right with God," if it is estranged from the powerful influence of spiritual devotion. It is impossible to peruse any of the compositions of Dr. Williams, without being reminded of the solemnity of religion, and its indispensable importance to our present and everlasting felicity. His personal presence carried with it a similar impression. An atmosphere of holy affections surrounded him; and kindred spirits were refreshed and invigorated by the intercourse. We cannot close our imperfect tribute to his memory, without referring our readers to the sketch of his character as drawn in . a provincial journal, under the superintendance of Monte gomery.

The loss of such a man may justly be esteemed a public calamity, He lived only to promote the best interests of religion; and to these sublime objects, he devoted a mind of very uncommon powers. To: a singular comprehension of thought, depth of penetration, and accuracy of judgment, he added all the ample stores of knowledge which the best improvement of eminent talents could furnish. Though possessed of general literature and science in a very universal degree, theology was his darling pursuit. Hither he bent his chief energies, and with how much success, his numerous important publications will best testify, As the Holy Scriptures were his daily study, so he copied closely, both in his general conduct, and in the habitual state of his mind, the lovely examples of excellence there exhibited. His soul was the residence, of every amiable grace, and of every exalted virtue. His memory will live to the latest posterity; but will be peculiarly cherished by all who were intimately acquainted with him, and especially in the hearts of those ministers and students, who have had the benefit of his instrucnons.' Hawksley's Serm. p. 49.

It is remarkable that the sermons of Messrs. Hawksley, Gilbert, and Moorhouse are founded on the same passage; (2 Kings ii. 12.) appropriately expressing their sentiments of grateful and affectionate veneration. Mr. Lambert's discourse is on a passage in connection with the same subject.

Art. XV. The Principles of Physiological and Physical Science: comprehending the ends for which Animated Beings were created; and an examination of the Unnatural and Artificial Systems of Philosophy which now prevail; by Richard Saumarez, Esq. 8vo. pp. 424. Egerton. 1812.

[Concluded from page 548]

AFTER having thus enumerated a few of those natural operations which are attended with the formation or extrication of gaseous bodies, Mr. S. stops to contemplate the 'mechanical properties of air in general, and of the atmosphere in particular.' He first considers its power of expansion, one of the properties, he observes, by which 'air is essentially known to be what it is.' In the estimation of our author, however, it would seem to be not merely one of the properties of air, but almost its only one: it is the cause of its gravity, its levity, and its equable pressure.

'It is by virtue of this particular attribute, that every portion of air is in equilibrio with the whole; that it has as much the power of rising as of falling, that it possesses as much of levity, as of apparent gravity, as much the power of pressing bodies upwards as downwards, of ascending into the nostrils, as descending into the lungs; that we feel no weight, that we suffer no violence, that we are exposed to no danger; that, in fact, the equable pressure of the air, in every direction, under the same circumstances of external influence, is no more capable of smashing our bodies to a cake, than it is of bursting the parietes, or sides, of the thinnest air bubble that can be conceived,'

It would not be easy to produce a more perfect specimen of Mr. Saumarez's method of reasoning, or style of expression, than this. Nor is the proof which he proceeds to afford of the singular correctness of his logical powers, less strikingly felicitous: for having in the passage above cited, asserted that all these properties of air, are owing to the 'particular attribute' of expansibility, he forthwith goes on to prove that solids and liquids also possess this state of equilibrium of their parts in relation to their whole, though they are not expansible, But then, we must especially beware of unphilosophically applying his principles to any condition of bodies which is not perfectly 'natural.' And, as 'the false philosophy of the present day has inverted the order of things, and mistaken the one for the other,' to wit, the unnatural for the natural; Mr. S. provides against any erroneous obliquity of thinking on this subject, by quoting Dr. Johnson's definitions of these abstruse terms, -which, from the rarity of their occurrence, and the obscurity of their signification, is kind at least, if not absolutely necessary. Even, this, however, is not enough. For lest the word should still be misunderstood, we are presented with the following original illustrations of their meaning.

'It is the natural condition for a man (Mr. S. observes) to stand upon his feet, unnatural for him to rest upon his head; natural for him to have his arms at liberty, unnatural for him to be confined in a straight-waist-coat. It is natural for air to exist in spaces free and unconfined, unnatural for it to be confined in close vessels. It is natural for water to subsist in a liquid state; it is unnatural for it to be changed by the operation of an external cause either in a gaseous, or solid one. Whatever change it (water) suffers from its original state, whether it be from a fluid into a solid, or from a solid to a fluid one, must ever be considered a change from better to worse.'

Our readers will no doubt be anxious to learn, what these forcible, appropriate, and very interesting illustrations are intended to introduce: and we hasten to abate their curiosity by informing them, that, after this nice adjustment of terms, Mr. S. proceeds, in no very timid or irresolute manner, to overturn the whole science of Hydrostatics,—to prove that its fundamental principles are erroneous, and its several propositions absurd. We must confess, however, that, notwithstanding the profound reasoning of our author on this subject, it does appear to us somewhat singular, that the false principles and absurd propositions of this science, as hitherto taught, have been found to apply so well to the purposes and conveniences of life, when directed by the skill of those who have thoroughly studied its principles, and the application of those principles to works of practical utility. This circumstance, we are of opinion. really demanded some sort of explanation, and we regret that our author has not thought it worthy of his notice.

The next thing taken into consideration, after the abovementioned exposure of the fallacy of Hydrostatical science. is the 'gravity and levity of solids and liquids.' And here, again, we find him in the guise of a reformer. Our views of weight, he contends, are mere estimates of the comparative rarity of one species of matter in relation to the density of another. For, as there is no perfect vacuum in nature, since even 'to suppose that a perfect exhaustion, either subsists in nature, or can be accomplished by artificial means, is to admit the possibility of that which is impossible;' and as even the Torricellian vacuum is filled with the imponderable matter of light and heat, and colour ; -the doctrine of absolute: weight, he argues, ought to be abandoned as a downright absurdity, and the word vacuum blotted out of every dictionary. To the latter proposition, of course, we cannot reasonably object, but perhaps the doctrine of absolute weight may be allowed to plead for some little tolerance, until balances.

shall be constructed of sufficient delicacy to enable us to weight the rays of colour, and heat and light, and of air in the receiver of an air-pump exhausted to the extent of twelve hundred times its original bulk, thus permitting us to compare their density with that of grosser matter.—The same theory is, our

author thinks, applicable to gravitation.

The equal distance, which bodies describe in equal times, whose densities are altogether unequal, evidently prove that weight and motion are different from each other; and that the acceleration of motion, in falling bodies, depends more on the nature of the medium, in which they are placed, than on the abstract quantity of matter. The weight of a body, and the motion of a body, do not, therefore, altogether depend on the quantity of matter in each; we may consequently infer, that this accelerated motion which dense bodies acquire, in their passage from great heights, through rare media, depends more on the difference which exists between them and the rarified medium through which they pass, than from any attracting power in the earth. Gravitation, therefore, properly defined, is the pressure downwards which dense bodies produce on such as are rare, and levity is the pressure upwards, which rare bodies produce on such as are dense.' pp. 237, 238.

It happens, however, very unfortunately for this hypothesis, that it is not quite so 'scientifically efficient of the conclusion' as might be wished. It has unluckily been determined, that in the falling of a heavy body towards the earth, its velocity is least where the rarity of the medium through which it falls is greatest, and, conversely, is greatest where the medium is most dense—which is precisely the reverse of what ought to occur on the hypothesis of Mr. S.: so that we must still think it probable that some way or other, the 'abstract quantity of matter' has, after all, some share in the acceleration.

We are next invited to consider the 'gravity and levity of gases,' by which we presume our author means us to understand their specific gravity or relative weight. His chief object, however, in this and some of the following chapters, is to prove that the gases do not act upon other bodies, by their weight or pressure, as matter, but by their expansibility; for though all bodies, he allows, may be said to possess, with relation to each other, levity or gravity, yet their attributes, he contends, are not to be taken from those qualities which are secondary and accidental, but from those which are primary

and essential.

Whoever reflects, he observes, on the forced and unnatural means which it is necessary to employ, in order to ascertain the rarity or the density, the levity or gravity of air, will be led to conclude, that it is not by these attributes that its power ought ever to be meted or measured, for although its expansibility is not only equal to, but much greater than its weight, its weight is not equal to, but much less than its expansible

power. Whenever air is confined in close vessels, whose solid sides have the power to restrain its expansive force, it may then be said to subsist in a state of capacity without power, of density and rarity, without expansibility; it has then as great a tendency to fall, as it has to rise, and is rendered altogether subservient to the laws of the vessels in which it is inclosed; in cases such as these, it is internal force overcome by external resistance.'

If, however, this external resistance be removed, then the power of gas is

— displayed by its activity: it neither acts by virtue of its density or rarity, of its gravity or levity: it does not, like incompressible bodies, confine itself within the same limited bounds, nor press upwards or downwards only, from its levity or gravity, but expands from a centre to the whole circumference equally in every direction. The pressure which is produced on the surrounding medium by the expansive power of gases, is as different from the pressure which is produced by liquids, as it is from the pressure which is produced by solids.

As this error of confounding the attributes of gases with those of liquids, is not the only one which exists in this ignorant age, and is not more remarkable in the opinion of Mr. S. than the 'fashion which prevails of confounding pressure with resistance, power with capacity;'-before he proceeds to disclose all the important consequences of his newly-discovered theory of expansibility, he introduces a chapter on 'expansibility different from immobility, and mobility from flexibility. and elasticity;' it being of great importance 'to mark the distinction which exists between them,' if we would 'understand the various phenomena of nature which take place,' and more especially, if we wish to prove that 'gases do not act by gravity or levity.' The observations of our author on mobility and immobility appear to us to partake more of the nature of verbal criticism, than of the original conceptions or profound views, that have been entertained by other philosophers. Mr. S. considers mobility as a capacity to be moved or acted upon. while Locke has termed it a power to be moved, and Sir Isaac Newton, a vis inertiæ. It is perhaps, of little moment which of these terms is preferred; the nature of the thing signified is alone of importance; and provided that be clearly understood, all these forms of expression may safely be considered as synonimous.

On the subject of elasticity Mr. S. appears to be satisfied with the views taken of it by other authors, and he bestows warm commendation upon Dr. Johnson, because 'with that wouderful power of discrimination, which, on every occasion, he is found to possess,' he defines it to consist of "a force in bodies, by which they endeavour to restore themselves to the position, from whence they were displaced by an external force." This

definition appears to us, as it does to Mr. S. to be at once clear and satisfactory, and fortified as it is by a reference to the authority of Newton, can hardly be thought to require any additional support. Yet we cannot forbear to transcribe, for the edification of our scientific readers, the masterly illustration, by which Mr. S. has endeavoured to make a plain subject still

plainer.

Elasticity consequently consists of two properties; of weakness and of power, of passion and of action, of suffering to be, and of becoming to be; of flexibility, through the agency of external force; and, secondly, of re-action from internal and inherent construction; as when Shakespeare says, "When splitting winds make flexible the knees of knotted oaks," the splitting winds constitute the external cause, by which the flexible knees of knotted oaks were made to bend. Such however is the internal construction of the fibres, of which the oak is composed, that they are able to return back to their original state, as soon as the splitting winds have ceased to rage."

From this subject Mr. Saumarez proceeds to consider the attributes of those bodies which are 'essentially expansible.' These, unlike flexible and elastic bodies, which he observes, are 'naturally passive, and artificially active,—are naturally active, and artificially inert; they are made flexible by pressure, but are expansible without it.' Lest, however, the properties of expansibility, elasticity, and flexibility, should still be confounded by the philosophers of the present day, Mr. S. proposes to submit them to one of those 'artificial' experiments, to which, on most occasions, he seems to have so strong an aversion.

'The difference,' he observes, 'may be proved by simply placing a flexible, an elastic, and an expansible body together, under the same relative situations. If a small portion of air enclosed in a large bladder, is placed under the receiver of an air pump, with a piece of lead or steel, the change which the air undergoes, is totally different from that of the other two. In proportion as the air within the receiver external to these bodies, is abstracted by exhaustion, it is found that neither the steel nor lead undergo any change whatever; on the contrary, the air within the bladder dilates and expands to the utmost extent.'

- We have never seen this jugenious experiment performed, but we have no doubt the phenomena would be precisely such

as our author has described.

Towards the end of this chapter, Mr. S. observes, that in the various discussions of this subject, which he has had with men of science, many of them occupying the professorial chairs in the various schools of the metropolis, he has not found an individual of the whole mass, who had any conception of expansibility subsisting as an inhe rent and essential power, of expansibility independent of resistance: the utmost extent of their knowledge was limited to reaction

alone; to that sort of power which is derived in consequence of external pressure.' Disheartening as this consideration might have been to an ordinary mind, yet as it has been the lot of many eminent men to be misunderstood by their contemporaries, Mr. S. consoles himself by referring the prejudices which at present exist on these subjects to 'former errors, handed down to us through the medium of Profesor Graves-ande, and other commentators on the laws of nature, as they have been called, of Sir Isaac Newton, who was the original legatee.' 'So far,' however, is our author 'from considering these laws, to be laws of nature,' that, from all the attention which he has given to them, 'he is bound to declare they are mere assertions, contrary to nature, mere abstract terms, which require a condition of things that in nature does not exist, but which, nevertheless, is to be presupposed.'

In conformity with these views, Mr. S. in the succeeding chapter on the relation which exists between the expansible power of gaseous bodies, and the resistance they are able to evercome, proceeds to offer some observations on the laws of motion laid down by Sir Isaac Newton, in that ornamental stile of reasoning which is usually most admired by those who are least solicitous about precision of thought. It is difficult to suppress a smile on finding the profound deductions of the author of the Principia, attempted to be overturned by such ratioci-

nation as the following:

Notwithstanding this most obvious truth, (that resistance diminishes and ultimately destroys action) it is nevertheless contended by Sir Isaac Newton, that the motion produced in different bodies, is occasioned by a mutuality of power, [we presume the author refers to the law of action and reaction being equal] subsisting between them. It is far otherwise: such is the absolute inertness of the body which is to be moved, that it is not only indebted to the efficacy of the moving power for the velocity, but for the line of motion also, which is produced. The degree of motion which is produced is the proof or test which subsists of the power in the one, to overcome the resistance of the other. It is by virtue of the inherent power of acting which animated beings in general possess, that they are enabled to overcome resistance and produce action, to act without being acted upon, to move without being moved; that a horse is enabled to draw a cart, without the cart drawing the horse; that the pen with which I write is enabled to describe the letters I am writing, the paper having the capacity alone of resisting the impulse which it receives from my pen: the degree of action which is produced, does not so much arise from magnitude, as from internal energy; from the quantity of ponderable matter, as from activity and skill. It is by means such as these, that the strong in mind, but weak in body, are often enabled to overcome the strong in body but weak in mind. It is in the skill which experience is often capable of producing, that the expert swordsman is enabled to overcome the awkward rustic; by which the little David was able to slay the great Goliah. It is this power which, in fact, constitutes, really and truly, not only vis motus, but vis inertiæ also; a power to move, as well as a power to be quiet; a power to act, and to resist, as well as a power to yield, and to follow impressions communicated and received. p. 273.

Again:

So far, however, from supposing that in the motions which different bodies display, there subsists between them a mutuality of action, as Sir Isaac Newton asserts; that a cart draws a horse, as much as a horse draws a cart; that a stone presses the finger, as much as the finger presses the stone; I contend on the contrary, that an assertion such as this, is erroneous in the extreme; that it is thereby ascribing equal powers to unequal causes; confounding together inanimate with animated beings, as well as different kinds of matter, whose nature and properties are altogether different; death and life, passion and action; things that are moved, with those that have the power of moving; things which derive power through the medium of participation by an external force, with those which possess it essentially, and in actuality; and, finally, reaction itself with resistance.' p. 276.

This 'pretended law,' indeed, seems to be peculiarly obnoxious to the vengeance of Mr. Saumarez; and truly in a very summary manner does he dispose of it.

to every principle in nature.'—' So far from admitting the legitimacy of the assumptions on which the third law of Sir Isaac Newton is founded, I contend that, instead of reaction being always equal and contrary to action, it is not equal, but that it is always less. I deny altogether the third law.' p. 276.

In the chapter which follows this famous display of what may be called the argumentum baculinum, our author endeavours to fortify his hypothesis, that the pressure exerted by the atmosphere, and other gaseous bodies is to be referred to their expansibility as air, and not to their weight as matter; and he does it, we speak seriously, with a strictness of method and of reasoning, which renders this chapter, with a few exceptions, by far the most satisfactory in the whole work. The attempt at least is not unphilosophical—though we cannot say, we think it by any means conducted to a successful issue. It commences with a protest of dissent from the commonly received opinion of the actual state of the atmosphere.

So far, says Mr. S. from the lower strata of the atmosphere supporting the upper, the upper strata are rather pressed up by the expansive force of the lower: instead of a progressive and gradual sinking and condensing of the whole mass from top to bottom, there is, on the contrary, a general rising and lifting up of the whole mass, from the bottom towards the top.

But we must hasten to put the reader in possession of our

author's reasons for concluding that the pressure of the air is to be attributed to its expansibility. First, he took the two hemispheres generally employed in experiments with the air pump; and, placing them under the receiver of an air-pump, he found their cohesion remained undiminished, so long as the air was of the same density within the receiver as without, though there was no communication between the two atmospheres: but when the air was exhausted, they of course separated immediately. Now let it be remembered that our author's proposition is, that the pressure of air is the pressure of expansibility alone, and this experiment, we apprehend. merely proves that the pressure or weight of the air, and its elasticity or expansibility are precisely equal, and exactly balance each other. Secondly, he placed a cylinder, having a species of bladder tied over it, under the receiver of an air pump, when, upon exhausting the air out of the cylinder, the bladder burst, though the weight of the air in the receiver did not exceed ten grains. The effect in this instance was undoubtedly produced by its expansibility; but surely a particular effect of one of the properties of air will not justify an universal conclusion that all its effects are the result of this one single property. Further, to preclude the possibility of attributing, by any perversion of reasoning, the effect in this instance, to weight and not to expansibility, he repeated the experiment, but tied the bladder over an open frame, and when the air was exhausted he found it sustained a weight of eighteen pounds, which he had placed upon it previously, apparently as well as it could have done in the open air! He examined, too, the effect of air upon the Torricellian tube or common Barometer. Placing it under the receiver of an air pump, and exhausting the air, he found that the mercury might be raised to the height of twenty-nine inches and a half, by admitting aquantity of air' (from a bladder connected with the receiver by a stop cock,) in weight somewhere about thirty grains. He then put two grains of lead upon the mercury in in the basin and again exhausted the air, but the mercury in the tube sunk to the same level with that in the basin. intleed cannot be termed a 'sophisticated' experiment, but our author gives it a very proper epithet when he calls it a 'simple one.—He tried also the effects of hydrogene, oxygene, carbonic acid gas, &c. and used tubes of different diameters but of equal length: the effect was the same with all; they all raised the mercury to the same height.-From the result of these various experiments, Mr. S. proposes that the instrument called a barometer, should henceforward be an anaplometer, a meter or measurer of expansibility.

VOL. IX.

Having so triumphantly overturned what he deems the inveterate error of attributing the pressure of air to its weight, it is a matter of course that he should treat with ridicule and contempt the deductions which have been drawn from it by philosophers. It is a consequence of this 'false philosophy,' he observes, that it has been

- affirmed, and continues to be believed at this time as a true article of philosophical faith, that the absolute weight, or perpendicular pressure downwards of the atmospheric column, from the top to the bottom, is in the proportion of 15 or 16 pounds to every square inch of surface; and as there are 144 square inches to every square foot, these must consequently sustain a pressure of weight equal to 2,880 pounds. Supposing therefore, that a man in an erect posture covers a surface commensurate to a square of 16 inches (a calculation very moderate,) it must in that case follow, that the perpendicular pressure upon him is equal in weight to 2,880 pounds; but alas! if he should have lips thick, nose flat, cheekbones prominent, ears expanded, hat broad brimmed, &c. &c.' 312.

Whatever reprehension such conceits might merit, if they were merely intended to astonish the ignorant, by an idle display of the wonderful powers possessed by natural means, they become absolutely ridiculous, and laughable, when they are maintained as fundamental truths, by

the wisest of the wise.' S13.

We should have been glad if Mr. S. had condescended to explain, in what way it happens that his pressure of expansibility differs so remarkably in its effects from that attributed by other philosophers to weight, and what might be the precise ratio which they bear to each other. Until we reached this point, we thought the author was contending merely that the effects of atmospheric pressure were assigned to an improper cause. It now appears that we have been equally wrong in calculating its effects. By and bye, perhaps, we shall hear that all the calculations of the powers of the steam-engine are equally erroneous, equally founded on unauthorized data, and 'false facts.'

The chapter concludes with some observations on the composition of the atmosphere, on the equal diffusion of its parts, and on the indispensable necessity of some natural means for the preservation of its purity. Ever since the labours of Priestley opened this field to our view, a notion has prevailed, that, by some unknown process, a reproduction of oxygene must take place to counterbalance the consumption; and Mr. S. thinks if it did not, that the atmosphere, 'long before this advanced period of the world, would have been contaminated, and rendered unfit for the support of animation, and the generation of ignition.' This conclusion, though it has been extensively adopted, rests too much on conjecture to be intitled to implicit faith; and we observe that in the last volume of the Manchester Memoirs, Mr. Dalton has entered

into a calculation which renders it probable, that the production of carbonic acid, by the respiration of animals and other causes, from the creation to the present period, would not exceed the actual proportion now found to exist in the at-

mosphere.

We find ourselves compelled by the length to which our observations have already extended, to pass over the remaining chapters of this work as briefly as possible. They relate to colorification on the production of colour; to temperature, comprehending refrigeration and calorification, the latter of which is made to include 'the nature and cause of earthquakes;' to the decomposition of atmospheric matter, and the formation of rain; to comets, or 'the means by which the matter of one system is prevented from interfering with the matter of ano-

ther;' and finally to the laws of motion.

The theory of colour, which we have already noticed as ascribing colour to the union which takes place between the solar rays and the matter of the medium through which they pass, is dwelt upon at considerable length; but, nothing, as far as we are able to judge, is added to its evidence. In the chapter on temperature, cold is considered to be as much a positive quality as the cause of heat; and Dr. Black's doctrine of latent heat is exploded, because it drives us to 'the absurdity of having two different definitions for one and the same substance, a definition of fire in a sensible, and another in a latent state: but no attempt is made to account in some other way than that suggested by Dr. Black, for the liberation of about 9000 of heat given out by steam during its condensation. According to Mr. S. fire 'does not form any part of the essential attributes belonging either to the resistance of solid, or the mobility of liquid matter; neither are there any grounds for supposing that the different rays of light, which flow from the different parts of the planetary system, are igneous or calorific rays.' In quoting the results of Dr. Herschell's experiments, however, relative to the power of the rays of light in producing temperature, he is egregiously mistaken in thinking that these experiments prove nothing with respect to the temperature of pure light;' because that, while 'the colorific rays, which were separated from the colourless, manifested all the phenomena of colour and temperature, the colourless, on the contrary, were altogether insensible and invisible.' The fact is, that in the experiments alluded to, the invisible or colourless rays, as Mr. S. calls them, manifested the greatest heating power. In a statement of them, which now lies before us, we find that the thermometer in the most powerfully heating part of the coloured spectrum (the full red) rose in 21 minutes from 56° to 72°: while "quite out of the visible light" it rose in the same time from 61°. to 79°; and this was about half an inch beyond the edge of the red ray, and where there was no illumination whatever in the focus. It will be but fair, however, to quote a sentence or two from our author's exposition of his own views. In remarking on the well known fact, that the rays of light falling upon a black body, a piece of cloth for instance, causes a greater evolution of heat than in falling upon a white or any other coloured body:

difference is altogether inexplicable: but according to the principles which I have endeavoured to develope, they are the effect naturally flowing from the cause. We find the coloured, and, consequently, the combined rays of the sun produce heat; they produce heat because they are combined; and they are combined, because they are found to excite the sensation of heat. The degree of heat these rays are found to excite, will always depend on the intimacy of the combination, and the nature of the colour will arise out of the peculiarity of the arrangement of the particles of matter with which the union is effected. The purest rays, therefore, which subsist in an elementary and unconfined state, as we have seen before, are destitute of fire and colour.' 356.

'So far therefore,' he concludes, 'from fire being a simple, elementary body, it is far more reasonable to suppose, that it is one which is compounded and factitious, and that it bears the same relation to light and opake matter, as the prismatic colours to atmosphere and light; the opake matter becoming the pabulum to light, and light the pabulum to opake matter, the result of which is the generation of fire; fire, therefore, neither inheres in any part of the materials of which the world is composed, nor in the pure solar rays: the immediate and proximate cause appears to consist in the chemical union, and combination, which

has been accomplished between both.' 364.

Connected with this chapter, Mr. S. has introduced some observations 'on the power of fire over liquids and gases,' and 'on the cause and nature of earthquakes.' In the former he endeavours to establish a distinction between the conversion of water into vapour by the action of heat, and by the agency of the solar rays; a distinction he thinks which proves a difference in the nature of the agents, and manifests that the power of the solar rays far exceeds the power of caloric or fire.' And as to earthquakes, we are informed that they will "more especially take place in those situations of the world, where bituminous and sulphurous strata and other substances exist, constituting the pabulum with which the matter of light may unite and become ignited." We must really be excused from following Mr. S. in his speculations upon the changes which took place in the material world at the creation: nor shall we detain ourselves with

his observations on the 'decomposition of atmospheric matter, and the formation of rain,' further than to observe, that in the combustion of the hydrogene and oxgvene gases, he supposes the water which is produced, not to be formed by the union of these gases, but separated from them. The gases he appears to think are decomposed, not combined. The chapter on 'Comets' is an attempt to assign to these bodies a particular purpose and office in the economy of the universe. The essential property of expanding which many substances possess, is so great, and the resistance offered to it is so small in the higher regions of space, that Mr. S. conceives the air in those regions would 'dilate to its utmost probable extent, and diffuse itself to the utmost regions of space; so that all the materials on this earth, which subserve to the process of vaporization, would long before this period, have been dissipated and elevated to distant worlds, if there did not exist some means by which those consequences are prevented.' It is the belief of Mr. S. that comets are 'the instruments employed to perform this beneficial purpose." The last chapter is 'on the Laws of motion.' Of this it is quite sufficient to say that Mr. S. endeavours with all possible seriousness to prove, that those laid down by Newton are absolutely erroneous.

We must now take our leave of this singular work; on which our readers, we fear, will think that we have bestowed a degree of attention a good deal disproportionate to its merits; and, in truth, in reviewing it at the length we have done, we have less regarded what the author has accomplished, than what he has dared—less the deed than the attempt. If we have approached Mr. S. with somewhat less deference than may be thought due to a person who sets up for the Luther of 'physiological and physical science,' we can truly say that we are conscious of no feeling of envy or ill will: and Mr. S. will no doubt easily console himself for the freedom of our strictures, in the acclamations with which he has been hailed by certain other censors of our literature. In many points of far more importance, after all, than speculations of philosophy, we are happy to find him irreproachable. His heterodoxy extends no farther than to subjects of science: his feelings, where modern philosophers are not in question, are uniformly benevolent; and throughout the work he manifests a sincere regard

to the authority of revealed truth.

ART. XVII. SELECT LITERARY INFORMATION.

Gentlemen and Publishers who have works in the press will oblige the Conductors of the ECLECTIC REVIEW, by sending Information (post paid) of the subject, extent, and probable price of such works; which they may depend upon being communicated to the public, if consistent with its plan.

The subscribers to the new edition of the Monasticon, edited by the Rev. Bulkeley Bandinel, are respectfully acquainted, that Part I. will be ready for delivery on the first of June. The impression, as originally proposed, is limited to 303 copies upon crown paper, and 50 upon royal, which numbers have long since been engaged, and the subscription consequently closed.

An Historical View of the Philippine Islands, translated from the Spanish of Martinez de Zuniga, by John Mayor, jun, merchant, will shortly appear in two octavo volumes, with appropriate

The Rev. Dr. Cox, master of Gainsborough school, has in the press, the

Wanderings of Woe, a poem.

Mr. Benry Alexander, member of the' Royal College of Surgeons, will shortly publish, a Comparative View of the different Modes of Operating for Cataract.

The Hon. Col. Dillon has in the press, an edition of Alian's Tactics, from the Greek, accompanied with notes, observations, &c. and a variety of explanatory plates.

Mrs. Opie will speedily publish, in three duodecimo volumes, Tales for all

Classes.

Mr. Brewster, author of the Meditations of a Recluse, has in the press, Meditations for Penitents, and for those engaged in the important duty of selfexamination.

Sir William Betham, Deputy Ulster King of Arms, and W. M. Mason, Esq. are preparing a Historical and Topographical History of Ireland, with the Lives of eminent Persons, and Genealogies of the most considerable Families.

A translation from the Russian language of Capt. Lisiansky's Voyage round the World, in company with Captain Krusenstern, is in great forwardness, with some additional engravings and tables.

A new edition of Langhorne's Plutarch, in six octavo volumes, is in the press, revised by the former editor, Mr. Wrangham.

The Rev. John Hom'ray proposes to publish by subscription, a new edition of Willis' History of the Mitred and Parliamentary Abbies, and Conventual

and Cathedral Churches,

A new edition of the Hebrew Primer, Syllabarium Hebraicum, and the Hebrew Reader, by the Bishop of St. David, is printing in a duo lecimo volume.

The new edition of Schlensner's Greek and Latin Lexicon, with considerable improvements, is rapidly advancing at the Edinburgh University press.

The edition of Livii Historia, in four octavo volumes, printing at Oxford from the text of Drakenborch, with the various readings, and the whole of the notes from Crevier, is proceeding with as much eclerity as the attention to its correctness will allow.

Mr. Barwick is printing a second edition, enlarged and improved, of his Treatise on the Government of the Church, under the title of a Treatise on the Church.

A new edition, with considerable additions, of Mr. Robert Woodhonse's Trigonometry, is printing at the Cam-

bridge University press,

Mr. Belfour intends to publish, early in the next month, an edition of Ray's Collection of English Proverbs, with such alterations as it is presumed will render the book more acceptable to general readers.

Dr. Montucci is persevering in his engagements, in Prussia, notwithstanding the war, and expects to complete his Chinese Dictionary in the summer of 1815. He has engraved 24,000 characters, and proceeded as far as letter K, in the course of five years.

Proposals have been issued for an engraved Portrait of the Rev. Dr. Carey, Professor of Sangskrit, Bengalee, and Mahratta, at the College of Fort William, Calcutta, attended by his Pundit, a learned Brahmin. The picture will be executed in the line manner; and is expected to be ready for publication about the beginning of May. The price of the engraving will be one guinea; proefimpressions one guinea and a half.

In the press, and speedily will be published, a Treatise on Spiritual Comfort. By John Colquhoun, D. D. Minister of the Gospel, Leith.

A new translation into English of Atala, or the Love of Two Savages in the Desert, from the French of Chateubriand, author of Travels in Greece, &c. is at press, with a version of the songs.—Also the same work in Spanish, one vol. 12mo.

A small volume of Poems, by J.B. Drayton, Esq. of Cheltenham, is just published.

Messrs Leigh and Sotheby will have the honour to submit the following Libraries for public sale, during the present season.

The Law Library of the late James Chetham, Esq. — The very extensive miscellaneous and Law Library of the late John Sidney, Esq. of Hunton, Kent. The very valuable Library of the late Rev. Isaac Gossett, D. D. F. R. S.— The valuable Library of William White, Esq. of Highbury-place, Islington.— The Library of the late Right Hon. Lord Heathfield.—The splendid Library of the late Sir Charles Talbot, Bart. of Chart Park, Surrey; and likewise his fine Cabinet of Minerals and Fossils.— Also a very choice and select Collection tion of Books on Botany, imported from Holland; containing all the scarce and valuable publications on that subject.

ART. XVIII. LIST OF WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Life of Lord Nelson. By Robert Southey. Beautifully printed with a Portrait; 2 vols. foolscap 8vo. 10s. boards. A few copies are printed in post 8vo. price 15s.

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** We beg leave to inform our readers, that arrangements have been made for publishing the future numbers of this Journal with greater typographical neatness and accuracy. —The General Index to vol. viii. which, from circumstances of a peculiar and urgent nature, has been hitherto delayed, will be found (together with that for the present volume) at the close of the ensuing number for July: and that number will form the first of a new volume, the increased quantity of letter-press rendering the division into parts inconvenient. —For the accommodation of those persons who have discontinued the Review, the Index to vol. viii. may be had grats, by applying to the publishers.

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